

PENTHOUSE

HOLIDAY ISSUE



**SPECIAL
GUEST EDITOR
GAVIN MCINNES**

**"TRANS FOR TRUMP"
BLAIRE WHITE'S
CONSERVATIVE
CRUSADE**

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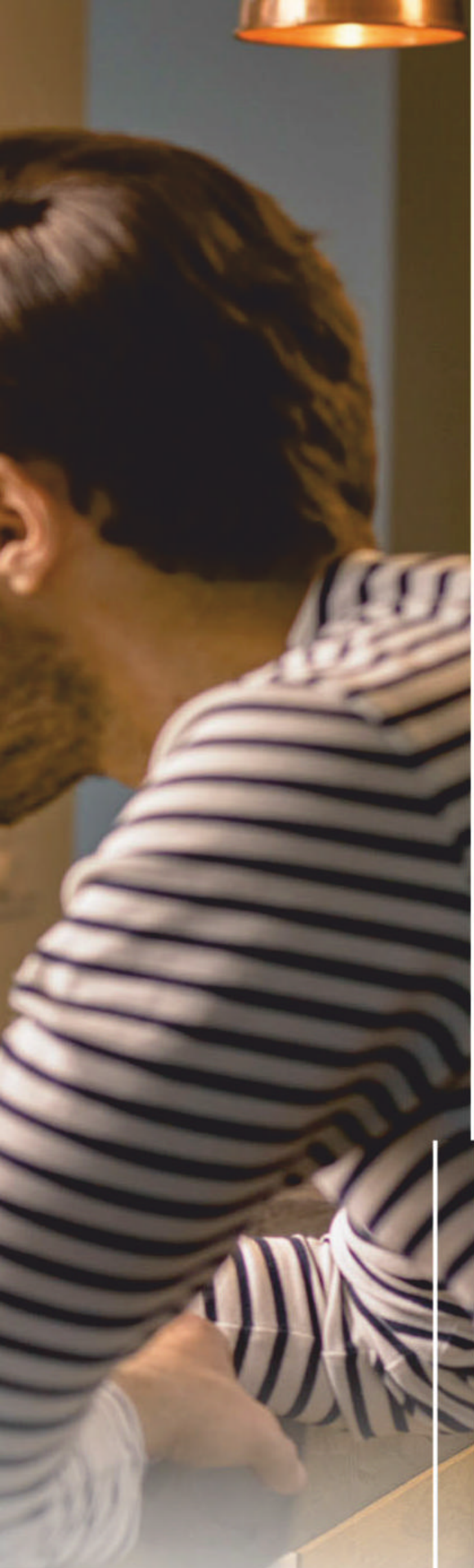

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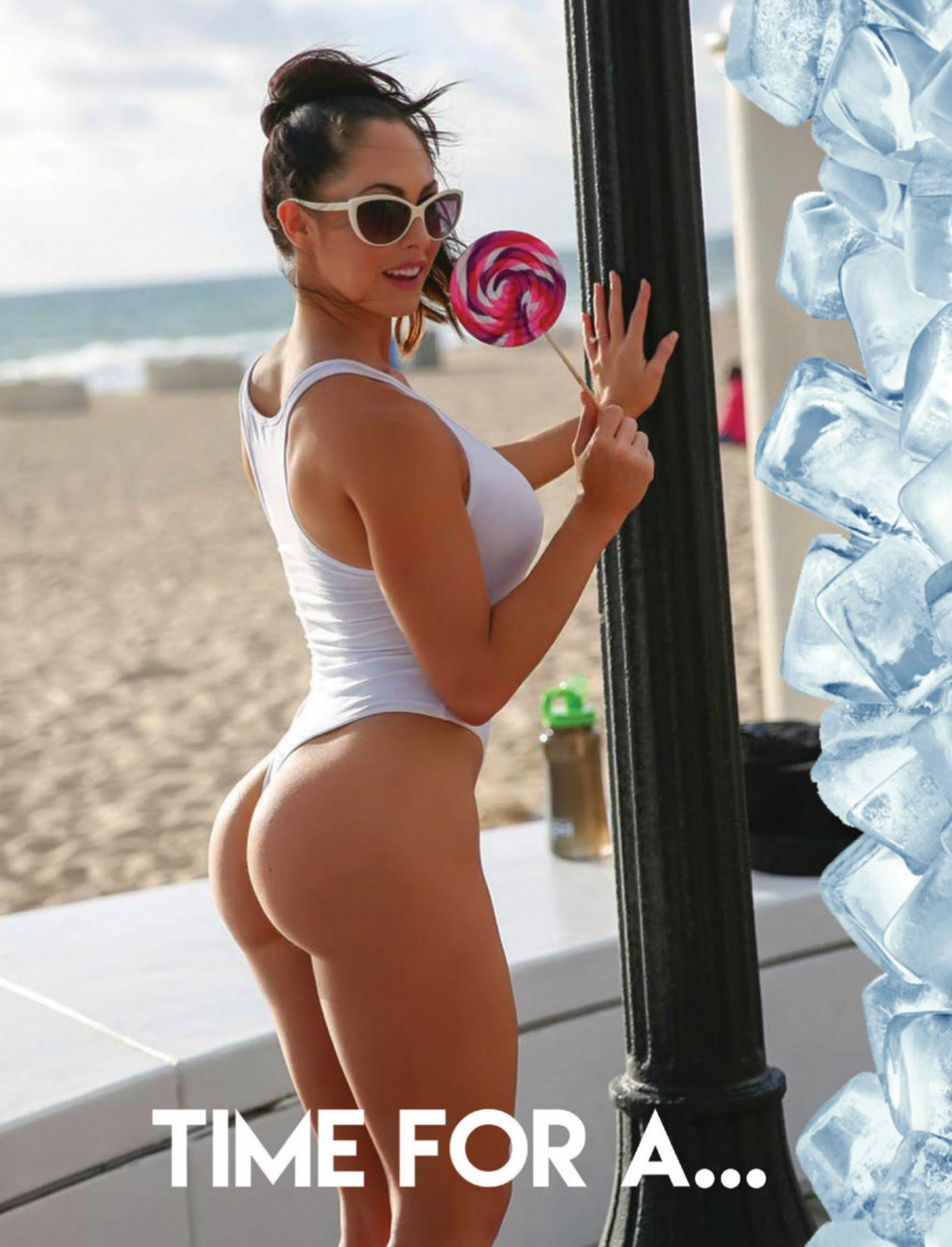


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FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Welcome to the Holiday Issue of *Penthouse*.

But, as you may have noticed, the magazine that you are currently holding in your hands has another (rather distinct) theme. If you look slightly to your left, you'll notice a new addition to our masthead. If you don't already know who he is from his headline-grabbing antics, allow me to introduce you to Gavin McInnes: serial line-stepper, provocateur, comedian and commentator. And as much as this issue is officially the Holiday Issue, in many ways, it's the McInnes issue.

Gavin, who we plan to tour under the *Penthouse* banner, alongside friend and fellow commentator, Milo Yiannopolous, guest edited around 30 pages of this magazine. Let me start off by stating this clearly: If you are easily offended, avoid that section. Consider this a "trigger warning". If you're a sensitive SJW-type – the kind who needs a safe space and a cookie whenever you hear a mean word – then just put the magazine down now. Otherwise, proceed. Gavin is hilarious, original and in fine form.

This issue *shouldn't* be controversial. But I know in today's outrage-addicted culture, that there are bound to be people out there who will find some way to be offended by what's written on the following 140-odd pages. To those who enjoy free speech and don't need trigger warnings, safe spaces or media commentators telling them how to think, we know you'll love it, and we hope to see you in February when both Gavin and Milo kick off their nationwide tour for what's sure to be an incredible show.

DAMIEN COSTAS
Editor-In-Chief



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PENTHOUSE

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Gary Hart was going to be President.
Instead he changed American Politics forever.

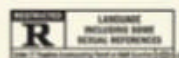
BASED ON A TRUE STORY

COLUMBIA PICTURES AND STAGE 6 FILMS PRESENT
A BRON STUDIOS / RIGHT OF WAY PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH CREATIVE WEALTH MEDIA

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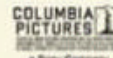


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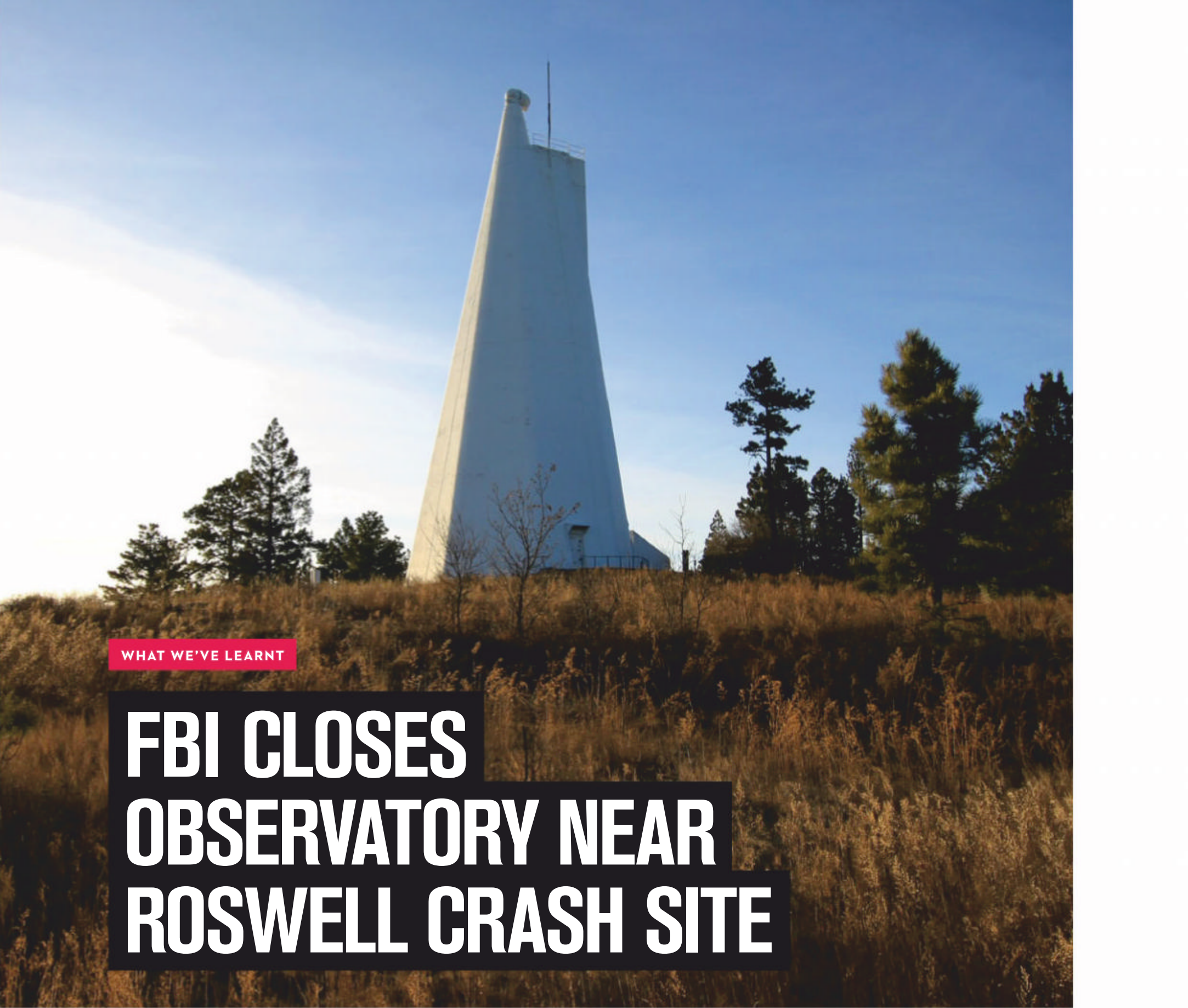
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WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

FBI EVACUATES OBSERVATORY

POLICE RAID SEX DOLL BROTHEL | HURRICANE WASHES WEED ONTO
FLORIDA SHORES | DRUNK MAN HUNTS INVISIBLE CLOWNS



WHAT WE'VE LEARNT

FBI CLOSES OBSERVATORY NEAR ROSWELL CRASH SITE

SETTING conspiracy theorists and UFO-enthusiasts ablaze with curiosity, the FBI has mysteriously ordered the complete evacuation and closure of a small solar observatory in the state of New Mexico.

Tucked away in the woods of a national forest in an area well-known for UFO sightings and secretive military testing, the lengthy and unexplained closure has sparked a wealth of speculation.

According to recent reports from the *Washington Post*, yellow police tape surrounded the small observatory and security personnel guarded its entrances. Unlike many other similar facilities in the area, the Sunspot Observatory is generally open to the public, offering guided tours and even



providing on-site housing for its staff.

Such is the level of secrecy involved in the closure, federal agents kept even the local police in the dark. "They wouldn't give us any details," Otero County Sheriff Benny House told the *Post*. "I've got ideas, but I don't want to put them out there. That's how bad press or rumours get started, and it'll cause paranoia, or I might satisfy

everybody's mind and I might be totally off base."

House told the *Post* that at 10am on Saturday 6 September, observatory staffers requested he and his deputies assist the evacuation of the facility. When the Sheriff arrived, he was informed that the FBI had already been to the site, however, they didn't reveal the exact reason for shutting the facility down. The guards posted outside the site were just as clueless as the local police, commenting that only the facility's director and assistant were permitted to enter.

Is it Aliens? Has the facilities telescope been hacked by a foreign power? Or is it something far more mundane? The FBI remains tight-lipped, but the truth is out there...

WHAT DOES DONALD'S D*CK LOOK LIKE?

STORMY Daniels has written a tell-all book revealing in great, gory detail her brief dalliance with POTUS, Donald Trump.

The fact this sounds a lot like revenge porn aside, the media and general population are apparently dying to know one thing – what does the Donald's dick look like?

In an extract obtained by the *Guardian*, Daniels, whose real name is Stephanie Clifford, ruined childhoods across the world by revealing Trump's wang is “like the mushroom character in *Mario Kart*”.

She went on to describe their liaison in further detail, condemning the Commander in Chief's skills between the sheets. “It may have been the least impressive sex I'd ever had, but clearly, he didn't share that opinion,” she wrote.

The book, which was released in October last year, is full of damning revelations about the already beleaguered president.

“I'm gonna write everything and include it and people can think what they want about me but at least it's the truth – it's not like that they haven't been thinking that about me anyway,” she said during an interview with *The View*.

It's a bit of an overshare, to be honest, and at any rate, it's not like a decent proportion of Americans don't already know what it feels like to be fucked by Donald Trump.



POLICE RAID SEX DOLL BROTHEL

ONLY nine days after opening, Italy's first 'sex doll brothel' has been raided by police.

Even though sex work is illegal in Italy, the question of whether or not the plastic playthings were being prostituted by their owners was not up for debate. The police were more interested in a far more technical breach of the law involving Italian rental regulations. We know. Boring.

Unsurprisingly, the City's Health Department also wants a word with the blow-up bordello. Having seen what passes for 'hygienic' in many parts of Italy, we thought a quick once over with the Spray N' Wipe would've been enough to satisfy. But no. The owners assure that each doll is given a two-hour deep cleanse after each session. Which is good... but still kind of gross.

According to the company website, you can rent a doll for half an hour for 80 euros, which is about AU\$130. It's an absolutely terrible deal that hasn't deterred randy Italian punters at all – according to

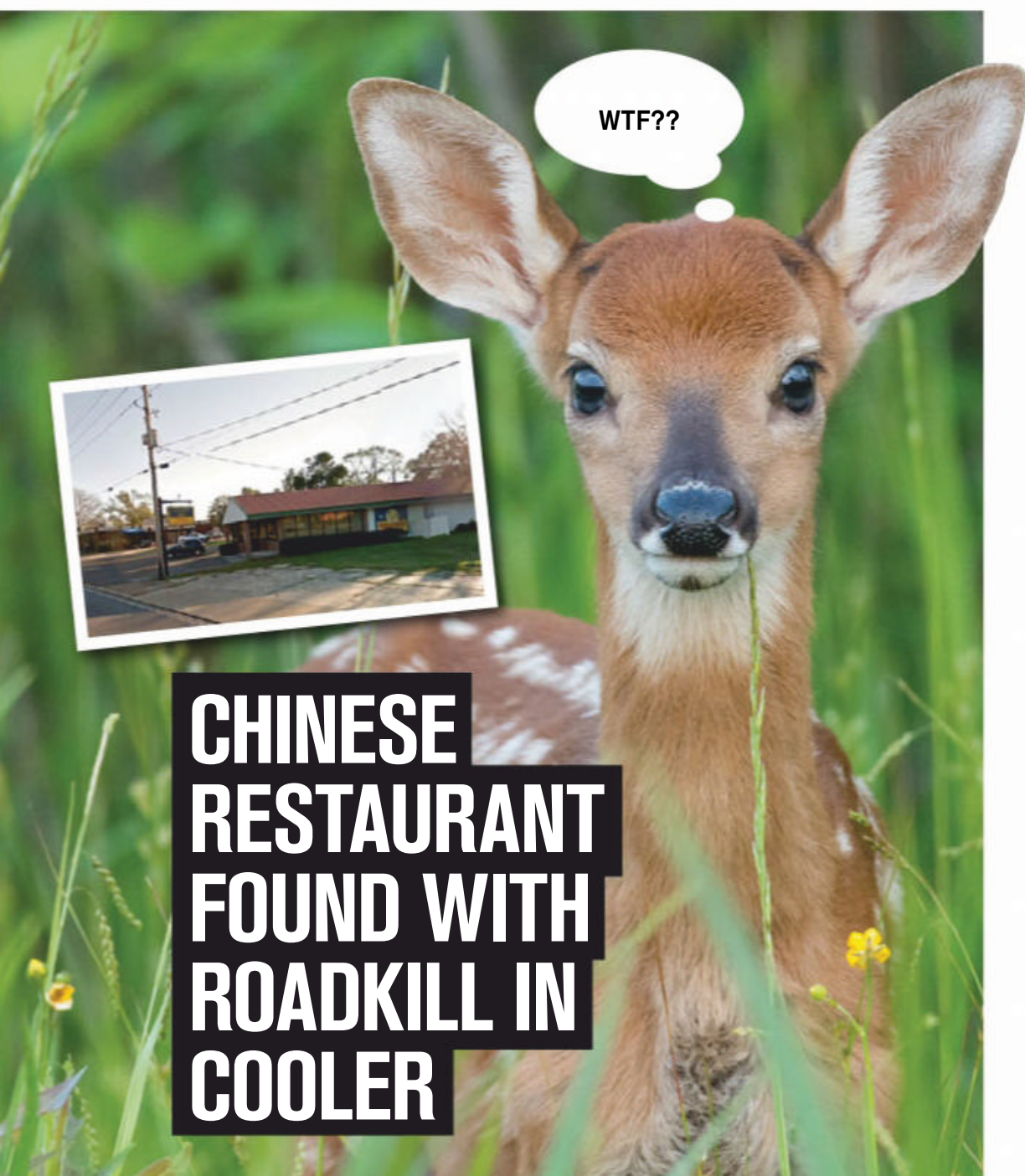
the owners, they are “full for weeks with a few small exceptions”.

Honestly, we don't get the appeal. If you want to jack off into something plastic, we know of several sperm donation clinics that will actually *pay you* for the pleasure. But to each their own.

THE OWNERS ASSURE THAT EACH DOLL IS GIVEN A TWO-HOUR DEEP CLEANSE AFTER EACH SESSION.

Customers choose their doll's outfit – with options including fitness and secretary – and sort of like a sexy, life-sized Gumby with tits, they can request a range of positions they want to find them in.

It's bizarre. It's a bit dirty. And despite spending the last few paragraphs insulting the idea, we're totally down with it. You do you, Italian sex doll brothel. You do you.



CHINESE RESTAURANT FOUND WITH ROADKILL IN COOLER

FOR all the jokes made about the Chinese eating dogs and eyeballs and tiger dicks, along comes a story like this that totally confirms it isn't just a shallow stereotype. This shit actually happens.

But then again, let's not jump to conclusions. The Golden Hen restaurant in Louisiana is run by a guy named Somchanh Chanthapanya, which, to us, doesn't sound very Chinese. But then we don't want to assume that Chinese names all operate under an efficient one to two syllable system – that would be just as racist as stereotyping Chinese food as the opposite of normal food. Right?

Also, we're not sure what's weirder, that an Indian dude might be running a roadkill-based Chinese restaurant or that there's a Chinese restaurant in Louisiana at all.

What we do know is that during a security inspection of the Golden Hen, a Franklin Parish sheriff's deputy found a dead spotted fawn in the restaurant's kitchen cooler. State wildlife agents went to the home of the owner, where he was caught, quite literally red handed, butchering the animal.

Possession of a spotted fawn is punishable by fines up to US\$750 and between 15 and 30 days in jail.

Chanthapanya's wife made a statement to the *Times-Picayune* and explained that her husband had found the dead animal on the side of the road and did not know that he was doing anything wrong.

We can only speculate what the chef's specials for the following week would've been. Fawn dumplings, anyone?

FLORIDA MAN ARRESTED FOR WET WILLY

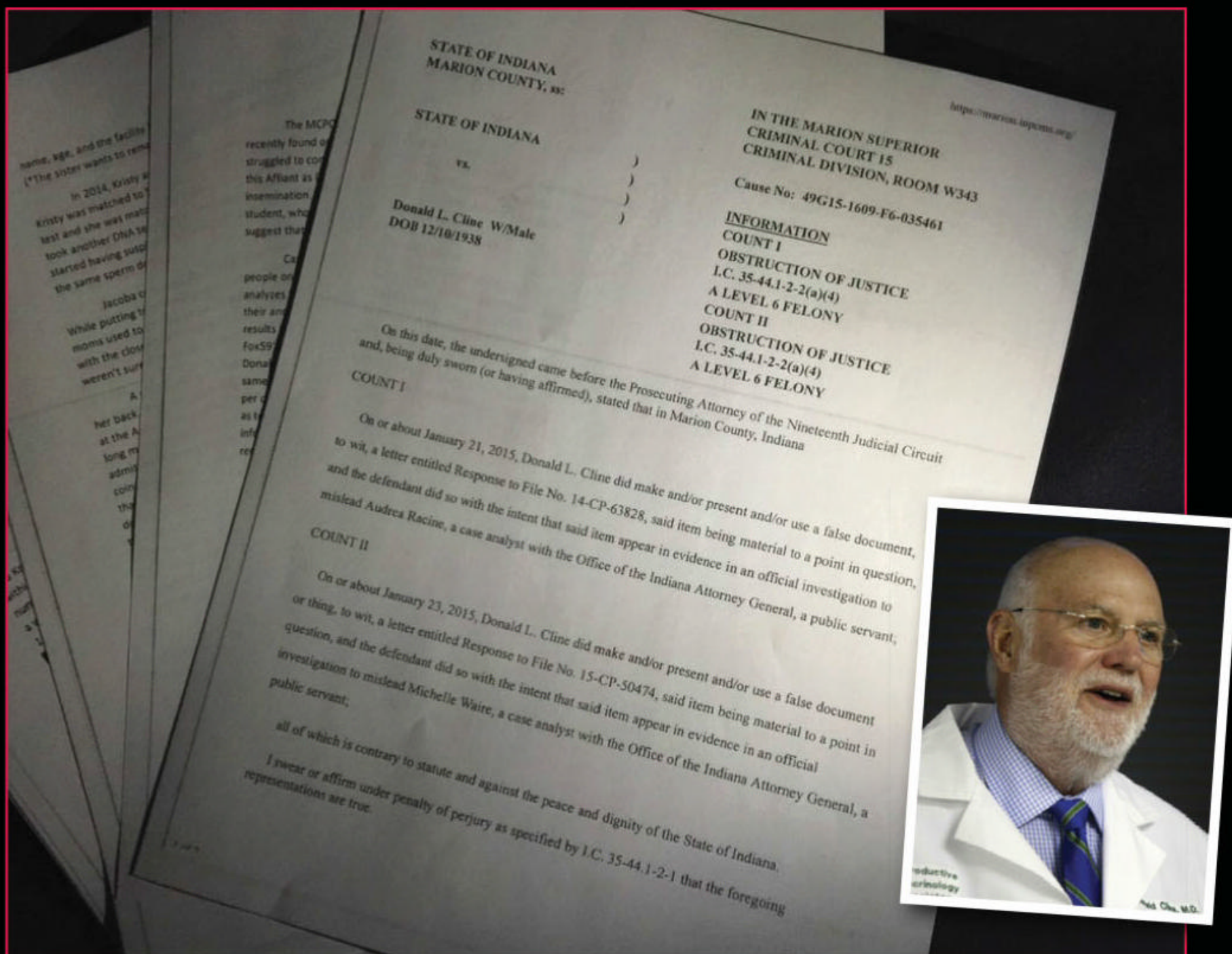
WHAT We Learnt just isn't *What We Learnt* if we haven't learnt something from Florida. It's the greatest of all the states in the Union; the Queensland of the Americas; the glorious Sunshine State that brought us *Girls Gone Wild*, the Epcot centre and... George Zimmerman. And while we know there's more to Florida than Disney World and stand-your-ground laws – it doesn't matter. Whatever it is about that insane, gator-filled, meth-fuelled, gun-toting, Jeb-Bush-voting state – we hope it never changes. The humble residents from that particular patch of Earth make reporting the news of the world every month all that more interesting, and for that, Florida, we salute you.

For today's tale, we bring you a story of that most heinous of crimes a man can commit. A transgression so vile, so reprehensible and abhorrent it made us reach for our thesaurus in disgust, repulsion and loathing...

The crime of which we speak – is the dreaded wet willy.

St Lucie county police arrested Joseph Sireci of Fort Pierce, Florida for being "belligerent" and giving his girlfriend a wet willy. For those lucky enough not to know, a wet willy is performed by licking one's index fingers and inserting it into the ear of another person, usually while chanting, "wet willy, wet willy". To those who have fallen victim to this cruel and unusual physical violation – to the survivors – there is little need to explain why police arrested the man and detained him for his crime.

According to reports from local media, Sireci was drunk at the time of the incident, although he personally denies this. So far, all we know is that police have charged the man with battery and – honestly – we hope he burns in hell.



SPERM DOCTOR SPREADS HIS SEED

AN Indiana State Medical Licensing Board investigation has linked a fertility doctor to multiple instances of inseminating patients with his own sperm.

While it's unsure exactly how many times the fecund physician, Donald Cline, deceptively used his own semen in place of his patients' partners or of approved donors, there are at least three dozen genetic matches that identify Cline as the father on 23 and Me and other ancestry sites. Court documents state he admitted to one of his biological daughters, Jacoba Ballard, that he had done this around 50 times throughout the 70s and 80s, according to a report by the *Associated Press*.

Cline surrendered his practising license and the Board barred him from ever practising again, but – as the victims of his bizarre actions point out – he retired in 2009, and his license expired in 2017, making the punishment practically meaningless.

THERE ARE AT LEAST THREE DOZEN GENETIC MATCHES THAT IDENTIFY CLINE AS THE FATHER.

State prosecutors aren't pursuing criminal charges against the 79-year-old for his fraudulent use of sperm. However, as he lied and misled investigators during initial stages of the investigation, he was charged with two counts of obstruction of justice and delivered

a 365-day suspended sentence.

In the state of Indiana there isn't any specific law that prohibits fertility doctors from using their own semen in cases such as this. As you might imagine, for those families affected by the good doctor's actions, there has

been a significant push to change this and prevent anything similar happening in the future.

Our suggestion? This doctor has a Genghis Khan-esque brood of heirs – now hit him with the 30 or so years of unpaid child support he owes. It'd only be fair, right?

ARMED SECURITY HIRED TO TRANSPORT WD-40 TO ITS NEW HOME

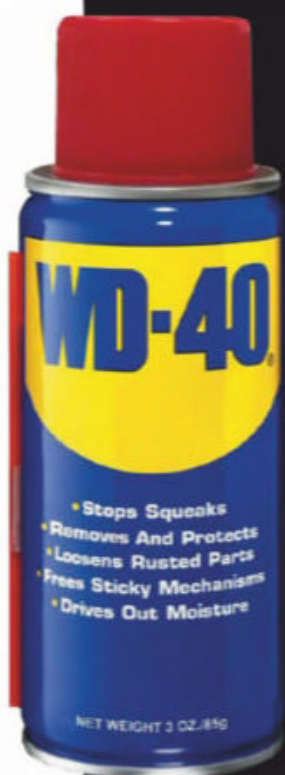
THE recipe for WD-40, the handiest thing we've never bought but still had on hand in every house we've lived in, has been moved to a new storage facility. WD-40 stands for "water displacement, fortieth formula", and its recipe has remained a secret for the entirety of its 65-year history. Now, with the aid of Brink's, a global leader in security-related services, the California-based company has relocated its closely guarded recipe to a new bank vault, where it will remain under lock and key 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.

The recipe was originally formulated in 1953 by chemists looking for a product that would prevent the Atlas missile from corroding.

According to the company's chief executive, Garry Ridge, "Back in 1953 there was a problem with condensation and corrosion in the umbilical cord of the Atlas space rocket and our company was Rocket Chemical Company.

"And the chemists got together, and after 39 tries they got the formula right."

While its lubricating power is world-renowned, we don't recommend WD-40 in the bedroom. Your partner probably won't appreciate smelling like a recently de-rusted bike chain.



HURRICANE FLORENCE WASHES WEED ONTO SHORE

IT was a stoner's dream come true when in the aftermath of the record-breaking Hurricane Florence, bundles of what appeared to be five-kilogram bricks of marijuana washed up in Florida's Daytona Beach region.

Bob Marley would have proudly watched on from his smoky green cloud in the sky as local residents hurried to the beaches and fought over the packages that washed up on the shore each day.

Not everybody was 420-friendly though, and police were forced to remind locals that while possession of marijuana for medicinal purposes is legal in Florida, it was still a criminal offence to possess the plant for recreational reasons.

Upon seeing the little green bundles of joy wash up on the shore, do you grab 'em, or do the right thing and call the cops? This dilemma was illustrated best in one phonecall made to the Volusia County Sheriff's office, in which a woman described a brawl taking place on the beach in front of her. "We're at Jungle Hut (Park) and a huge bundle of drugs or something just washed up on the beach and there are people like fighting over it," she told the police operator on the other end. How many people? the call-taker inquired. "There's like seven or eight people out here," the caller replied, "and they're all like huddling up against it, and my dad's trying to take it so that you guys can have it all."

We know. What a narc, right?

Many were caught that day, but plenty more got away with it, including one young girl who escaped the Jungle Hut in her yellow bikini, clutching her ill-gotten loot.

The only question that remains is – where did it come from? All we know is whoever owns it hasn't been too eager to put their hand up.



SPIDER-MEN

INTO THE SPIDER-VERSE

PISS-HEAD GOATS FORCED TO GO ELSEWHERE

THE rangers of Olympic National Park in Washington State are having a peculiar problem with the local goat population, which has acquired a certain taste for the salty flavour of human urine.

As whimsical as it sounds, apparently human piss is like goat crack or something because it's turned them into fiendish, aggressive fuckers that have begun attacking hikers to get their hooves on that

sweet, sweet yellow liquid.

The problem is so extreme, that local wildlife authorities have been forced to airlift 375 goats out of the area and drop them onto the North Cascades mountain range that runs into Canada, making the psychopathic, piss-addicted goats Canada's problem now. The remaining 300 that can't be caught will be shot.

Back in 2010, one of the more notorious local goats – a 370-pound

beast of a thing – literally hunted 67-year-old hike Bob Boardman, following him at a range of six or seven feet for around a mile before goring and killing him. Human urine is a hell of a drug.

We don't judge the goats. While we're not into it ourselves, 'golden showers' have been enjoyed by men, women and Presidents of the United States for as long as we've been standing and urinating.

NO MORE CLOWNING AROUND

YOU guys remember when there was a clown problem? What the actual fuck was that? Like, it was *illegal* to dress up like a clown in a few places for a while there. Was it a weird glitch in the matrix? A Juggalo gathering gone wrong? We may never know the truth.

One thing's for certain, there's a Pennsylvanian man who never stopped seeing them.

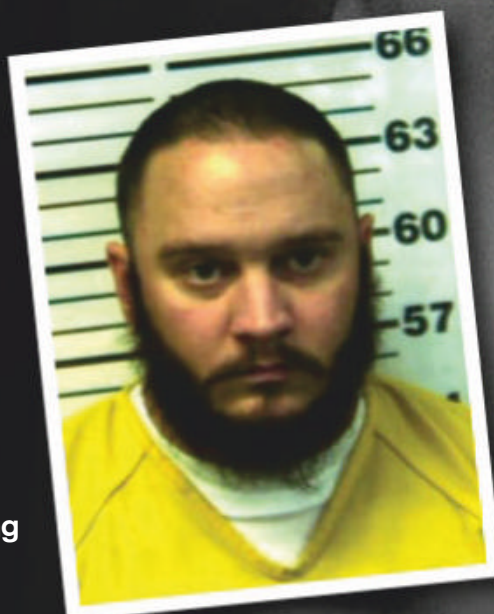
Nathan Matthias was sentenced to up to five years in prison for firing a shotgun in his house because he thought there were clowns inside.

"At first, they were curled up in a ball, but then they started to run around, so I tried to shoot them," Matthias told Reading police, according to court documents obtained by *WFMZ*.

Police found the 35-year-old, pissed off his face, clutching a shotgun, claiming that he was aiming for two "two small clowns". Investigators found no signs of anybody else having been in the house.

The Reading local had a bottle of vodka on his person at the time of arrest. Asked if he'd had anything to drink, he told the cops with all the credibility of a late-night punter arguing with a bouncer, that he'd had "only a sip".

He was arrested and police aren't searching for two small clowns in the area.





LET'S GET OCTOP-HIGH

RESEARCHERS at Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine have revealed the answer to the burning question at the core of the minds of anybody who is evenly remotely curious about the natural world and its functions: What happens when we get animals high on hard drugs?

In the study, written up in *Current Biology*, scientists recorded interactions between a group of octopi before and after dosing them up with liquid MDMA, known more popularly as ecstasy, disco bickies, pingers, M, molly, dingers or, simply, E.

And what do you know? Apparently, octopi love to party just as hard as us bipedal land-lubbers. The typically solitary sea creatures, which are often known to prey on their own partners post-mating, became very touchy-feely after absorbing MDMA through their gills.

Octopi are known for their highly proficient problem-solving capabilities and above average intelligence. Their brains, however, are not at all similar to those of humans. The experiment's findings suggest that our evolved sociability may be an evolutionary product of simple signalling molecules, rather than a complex build-up of neural pathways. Or, in short: the right dose of feel-good chemicals could have majorly impacted our social development and evolution.

Unconfirmed reports with no factual basis whatsoever indicate that after the experiment finishes, the serotonin-fuelled cephalopods will be donated to a nearby Japanese restaurant for a new chef's special, tentatively named "Calamar-E".



WHEN LIFE GIVES YOU BANANAS



"SOMETIMES, life gives you lemons. Sometimes, it gives you bananas. And sometimes, it gives you something you'd never expect!" the Texas Department of Criminal Justice jovially posted to their Facebook page late last September. The uncharacteristically jocular statement was referring to an incredibly large haul of cocaine found by prison officials hidden in two palettes of donated bananas on their way into a prison in Texas.

"One of the boxes felt different than the others," the DCJ said. "[Officials] snipped the straps, pulled free the box and opened it up.

"Inside, under a bundle of bananas ... another bundle! Inside that? What appeared to be a white powdery substance. They immediately notified port authorities and awaited their instruction."

Out of the 45 boxes donated to the prison, officials found a whopping 540 bundles of cocaine with an estimated street value of almost US\$20M.

The DCJ said federal officials and US Customs and Border Protection were investigating and no doubt there're a few drug traffickers and coke dealers out there going a bit bananas over the loss.







GET THE PICTURE

Meredith Hunter, an 18-year-old African American teen, was stabbed to death by a member of the Hells Angels during the infamous Altamont Free Concert. Planned as a “Woodstock West” by psychedelic rockers Jefferson Airplane and the Grateful Dead, the concert, which billed rock legends the Rolling Stones, descended into chaos over the course of the day. The Hells Angels were contracted as security for the event. Hunter was punched and pushed away from the stage and was stabbed by an Angels’ member after he reapproached with a revolver.

A full-page photograph of Jessica Killings. She is a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a red bikini bottom. She is holding a large hot dog in her right hand and has a small piece of the hot dog on her left index finger, which she is about to eat. She is looking directly at the camera with a playful expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

HOT SHOT

JESSICA KILLINGS

@JessicaKillings

Healthy living is nothing without its cheat days, and what better way to binge than with Jessica Killings? This shoot comes all the way from LA, and it's based on Jess's favourite junk food, which is – you guessed it – hot dogs.

Photographer: @AceofLA





MAN OF THE MOMENT

OWEN BENJAMIN

OWEN Benjamin is a really tall pianist with – what I assume – is a really tall penis. He got his start in the forests of upstate New York, occasionally popping out to do stand-up back in 2000. This quickly led to opening for Kevin Hart, moving to L.A. and hanging out with Adam Sandler who kept putting him in movies because he's fucking hilarious. Benjamin was supposed to be a lawyer, but the money was so good in Hollywood he changed his plans and became a famous guy who was on his way to superstardom. Then, one day, about five years ago, he looked around the room and thought, "All of these people are phonies. I miss the trees", and he grabbed his girl and came back to upstate NY to make babies.

That's when things got really weird. Making babies made Benjamin realise the people he had left in Hollywood weren't just lame, they were immoral lunatics. "It all started with the trans thing," he told

us recently, "When they began talking about giving kids hormone blockers to prevent puberty because they're 'trans' I realised their virtue-signalling had no limits." He became more outspoken about the hypocrisies of the left and was promptly de-platformed. Twitter banned him forever. He can no longer livestream

now against after seeing one actually come out, I'm still the same guy. They're the ones who became extreme."

Benjamin never gave up, buckled down and today, he is selling more tickets than he was back in the Sandler days. He books bars and theaters and doesn't disclose the location until the very end. The taboo of it

"WHEN THEY BEGAN TALKING ABOUT GIVING KIDS HORMONE BLOCKERS TO PREVENT PUBERTY BECAUSE THEY'RE 'TRANS' I REALISED THEIR VIRTUE-SIGNALLING HAD NO LIMITS."

on YouTube. Facebook banned him and comedy clubs refuse to book him. "It was bad for about six months" he said, "I lost a lot of money and went back to cutting trees, but you power through it and you don't let the bastards get you down. It's crazy because my politics haven't changed. Besides abortion, which I'm

all has driven up his currency and now it feels rebellious to go to his shows. He is verboten, and if there's one thing young people love, it's checking out the thing you're not allowed to see.

"I feel like I was in a haze for a long time," he added while rushing to do another interview, "now I'm free." 🗨



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RAGING BOLL

In one of the weirdest PR stunts ever, Boll declared he was “fed up” with critics savagely panning his films and put out a press release in 2006 challenging his five harshest critics to a boxing match. The event went ahead, and Boll did not go easy. He beat the crap out of all five, even leaving one 17-year-old critic pissing blood after the fight.

FILM

THE MOST HATED MAN IN FILM

TRYING to find the biggest asshole in the film industry is like trying to find the greasiest guy at a KFC eating contest. Just when you think you’ve found your man, gnawing his way through a 40-piece family bucket, you see someone across the room with a Double Down in each hand and a face so oily America wants to invade.

The competition is thick. But documentarian Sean Patrick Shaul may have found a candidate in notorious raging asshole, Uwe Boll. *Fuck You All: The Uwe Boll Story*, release date TBC, follows the storied career of the titular Uwe Boll (pronounced Oo-Veh Bowl) a notoriously agro German filmmaker whose back catalogue of films are so bad they make Tommy Wissau look like Steven goddamned Spielberg.

Boll specialised in (poorly) adapting video games into film, with very low budgets and little adherence to any source material, pissing off gamers and baffling critics. Video game adaptations aren’t exactly high art, but still Boll manages to plumb the depths of the genre, continually finding new ways to disappoint audiences. *Time* magazine’s list of the Top Ten Worst Video Game Movies gave Boll the dubious honour of three spots. In fact, in many lists of the worst films of all time, Boll finds himself overrepresented. But unlike many “so-good-that-it’s-bad” films that become cult-classics, Boll consistently lost money on his cinematic endeavours.

BloodRayne, *In the Name of the King*, and *House of the Dead* are rated 4 percent on Rotten Tomatoes; *Alone in the Dark* has a 1 percent rating. In 2007, *BloodRayne* received Golden Raspberry Award nominations for worst director, worst picture, worst actress, worst supporting actor, worst supporting actress and worst screenplay. Two years later, Boll received a “Worst Career Achievement” Golden Raspberry Award.

This begs the question – how did the German auteur continue producing flop after flop in Hollywood, where one major loss can mean “you’ll never work in this town again”?

The answer is a bizarre tax loophole in his native country that allowed for film losses to be written off. It’s a complicated little bit of creative accounting, but Boll is a savvy businessman. Taking advantage of generous German tax subsidies, he financed as many low-grade, zero-effort, flaming piles of horseshit as humanly possible, before turning to a failed Kickstarter campaign, and then finally, to the relief of film-lovers around the world, he called it quits and left the industry for good.

He may claim to be a misunderstood artist, but we’re a little sceptical. We believe he was playing the game, and – credit to him – he played it well. His larger-than-life personality helped him garner attention and infamy. When critics condemned his films as the dumpster fires they were, he viciously bit back. More critics joined in the chorus driving him further into the spotlight, providing him the platform he needed to secure more (tax free) investment and make more terrible films and more and more money.

He effectively conned the global film industry, from Germany all the way to LA. And he did a damned fine job of it too – according to online sources, today Boll is worth a tidy US\$10 million, some of which surely comes from his current restaurant business (which is apparently pretty good), but most of which he would have made during his stint as the “world’s worst director”.

The stories already floating around about Boll, combined with his brash reputation and his dubious exploitation of German tax law mean *Fuck You All: The Uwe Boll Story* should make for a fascinating documentary. And at the very least, we’ll get a deep look into the mind of one of filmmaking’s most memorable assholes. **1**

NO SWANSONG FOR MUSIC BIOPICS JUST YET...

IN MARCH last year, Hollywood entertainment news publication *Deadline* declared the music biopic was on its way out. That beside the Christian-themed film *I Can Only Imagine* and *Bohemian Rhapsody*, the Queen biopic that hit Aussie screens on 1 November, the genre was ready for a rest.

The author cited poor box office returns on previous offerings such as *Miles Ahead* (about Miles Davis), *Born To Be Blue* (Chet Baker), *I Saw The Light* (Hank Williams) and *Florence Foster Jenkins* (about the great opera singer). The best of the mix in recent years, they argued, had been the moderately successful 2017 Tupac biopic, *All Eyez on Me*.

But here's why they're wrong. Even if music biopics aren't exactly raking the big bucks in at the box office, they are working as successful sales and marketing vehicles for the music industry.

Back in the 90s, record label execs forecasted a steady upward trend in profits and healthy bottom lines for decades to come. Stick to the tried and true method of churning out *NSYNC and Spice Girl clones and hungry young audiences will pony up and buy the latest releases. The money was so good in those days there'd even be a little extra left over to take risks on more "alternative" options. But like so many industry titans, they failed to see just how much of an impact the internet would have on commerce, and how disrupters like the then-nascent music "sharing" platform Napster would eventually transform consumption habits of their customers.

The music industry just ain't what it used to be, and all those upward pointing lines on their sales charts aren't looking as healthy as they were in the early 2000s. That brings us back to the biopic – the perfect vehicle for continued sales of music properties that, one; everybody already loves, and two; major record labels already own the rights to.

Only the safest megastars are worth risking investment in today's music market, and rather than explore the potential



BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

of new up-and-comers, it's better for labels just to repackage old hits. We've just past Christmas, maybe you noticed the number of record stores spruiking anniversary editions, remastered albums, best of compilations and "never before released B-sides" of everybody's favourite oldies, from Neil Young to the Monkees. In fact, I literally just looked at some of my most recent PR emails from Warner Music Group, and those two were right at the top, along with releases from the Eagles, Fleetwood Mac, Tom Petty, Iron Maiden, Deep Purple, Cliff Richards, Boyzone and David Bowie. Out of 34 releases WMG planned during the October/November period last year, around 15 of them, or almost half, are from dead people, or bands that no longer make music.

The music biopic is a two-hour long ad that goes hand-in-hand with this safe, nostalgia-based marketing strategy, and if you're Sony, why not make the film you own the music to, a la *Bohemian Rhapsody*.

Or like Universal Music Group, who paves the way for production by providing the rights to the music of artists like Prince, who is barely cold and already has a biopic in the pipeline (rumoured to star Bruno Mars whose music also belongs to UMG). Or Elton John, who isn't even dead yet, and whose biopic *Rocketman* comes out next May

Back in 2015, Universal Pictures president of film music and publishing, Mike Knobloch, said, "I don't know that the industry got together and said, 'Let's make this the year of music movies,' but let's make it the new normal and keep it going."

And keep it going they will. In the future we can expect to see biopics about Amy Winehouse (again), Old Dirty Bastard from the Wu-Tang Clan and even prolific rapper and cough syrup aficionado Gucci Mane will get his moment on the big screen.

What's good for the goose is good for the gander, and music biopics are Good Business. With a little cooperation between major studios and record labels (who are often one and the same), there is plenty of money to be made from the genre yet, making it very unlikely we'll see a curtain call any time soon. **1**



ROCKETMAN



GAMING

THE DEATH OF VIDEO GAME JOURNALISM

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

GAME journalists were once the voice of the consumer, offering public feedback to game developers that reflected the needs and wants of the video game-consuming public. When games were being maligned in the mainstream media for sex and violence, they were on the front lines defending the hobby. This is no longer the case.

The rise of social media fostered a culture of outrage, ushering in the rise of the socially conscious game journalist – whose woker-than-thou attitude involves speaking down to their audience and treating video games as a vehicle for a political agenda veering toward neo-Puritanism. Jokes are problematic, sexuality is haram, violence is verboten, and no fun is allowed.

There can be no ethical consumption under capitalism, much less in the Age of Trump – or so they argue.

Not a game goes by without at least half-a-dozen major outlets seizing it as an opportunity to virtue signal. VICE pronounced the action-adventure game *Shadow of the Tomb Raider* guilty of perpetuating “colonialist” tropes. Other outlets like *Variety* and *GamesRadar* offered complaints over cultural appropriation and the “white saviour complex.” Indiana Jones would have an impossible time in today’s political climate.

Other games face complaints over racism without due cause. *Kingdom Come: Deliverance*, a historical role-playing game developed in the Czech Republic, and set in medieval Bohemia, was critically panned for its supposed “exclusion” of people of colour. Despite its authentic setting, game journalists demanded that its demographics reflect that of twenty-first century North America, citing a little-known Tumblr blog as a source for their arguments. *Kotaku*’s Nathan Grayson, a cheerleader for the progressive movement in video games, called it “very much a game about white manly men doing white manly men things.” That’s most of your audience, Grayson.

As for sexism? Well, women in video games can’t be sexy without earning a litany of complaints from feminist voices. Their ire at seeing games perpetuate the so-called “male gaze”

is matched only by their ability to have their words regurgitated ad nauseam by male feminist allies, as if they represent some larger, unspoken-for audience of women who would be playing video games were it not for those damn skin-tight outfits and the bodies they’re on.

The creative medium is now being dictated to by millennial schoolmarms, who demand that developers recognise their social duty to promote progressive ideas about identity politics and, in turn, massage an unenlightened audience with “woke” messaging designed to transform bigots into social activists.

It’s not a plan helped by the fact that game journalists just aren’t any good at the games they play. No more is this lack of skill more obvious than in veteran game journalist Dean Takahashi’s now-infamous struggle to finish the tutorial level for *Cuphead*, or *Polygon*’s playthrough of the shooter, *DOOM* – a demonstration amazing for all the wrong reasons.

Over the past decade, they’ve attacked challenging, skill-based games for their “exclusionary” nature. Tough games are keeping women out of the hobby, apparently. It’s insulting to assume women are naturally bad at gaming when they make up a significant portion of streamers on Twitch and Mixer. The girls can game just as hard as the boys.

And when they’re not pushing a political agenda, they’re sometimes caught plagiarising content. An *IGN* editor, Filip Miucin, was fired for lifting a review word-for-word from a gaming YouTube channel, which raises the question: why go to *IGN* when you can go to YouTube?

These once-advocates for the nascent medium of interactive entertainment have lost touch with their audience, and thus their trust.

Thanks to the rise of YouTube, Twitch and alternative media outlets, consumers are now capable of taking matters into their own hands and do not have to rely on the traditional gatekeepers of the medium to represent them. Things might not be so bad for consumers after all. 

PAYPAL PUSHES ONLINE PURITANISM

BY LUCIE BEE

It starts with a girl. She's pretty, sitting in what looks to be her bedroom, in front of a large microphone. She's whispering. It's comforting and almost sensual. If that's your thing. It's at the point where she pulls out a random selection of objects and starts tapping them, on or close to the mic, that a lot of people might switch off.

Not me! I like these sounds. There's this amazing tingling sensation that starts on the top of my head and creeps down my neck. Certain sounds and visual stimuli trigger it more than others, and it often helps me get to sleep. Welcome to the world of ASMR. Autonomous sensory meridian response is a real phenomenon, but among the scientific community, it seems there's still much to learn.

Regardless, from the start of its inception to the mainstream, ASMR has made its home on YouTube and there it has stayed and grown to epic proportions. Popular ASMR artists such as GentleWhispering and Gibi ASMR have over one million followers and that growth doesn't appear to be slowing down, with new ASMR artists cropping up on the platform daily.

Let's speak frankly: I'm sure, that some people find this content erotic or sensual. While most 'ASMRtists' claim it's not the intention, intent doesn't really dictate what people get off on. Most female artists attract huge fanbases, very similar to the cam community and some of the more popular artists do 'roleplay videos' with an ASMR twist. Regardless of all this, it all seems harmless enough. I've seen people get away with more, or try to on YouTube and this is hardly what I'd call NSFW, though your colleagues may have some questions.

Despite that, it hasn't stopped the Puritans at YouTube and now, PayPal, from taking a shot at this growing industry. Over the past year (and reaching a fever pitch in July) an increasing number of ASMR accounts have had their videos



ASMR STAR GWENGWIZ

demonetised by YouTube for containing "nudity or sexual content". By and large, the users being targeted are women and it's for content that it'd be a real stretch to call "sexual" (call me naïve, but ya girl also makes porn for a living, so I'd like to think I'm a pretty good judge).

There's always been a 'sex panic' on the internet and by far its biggest supporter has been PayPal. They've had a long history of banning and freezing the funds of anyone with even a tenuous link to the adult industry. Living now, in a post-SESTA/FOSTA world – a piece of US legislation that defines anything even vaguely pertaining to 'sex work' as potential 'sex trafficking' – websites and big service providers are running scared. Rather than investigate the nuances

of the content on their platforms or the customers making use of their services, they'd rather get trigger happy with the ban function and protect themselves at the expense of people's livelihoods. This new and more conservative internet targets and impacts women abundantly more than men. That's just a fact. And whether you enjoy watching porn or experiencing 'brain tingles', these changes also impact you and your ability to find, consume and pay for the content you enjoy online. **i** At the time of writing, PayPal seems to have restored the accounts of ASMR Artists impacted, such as ASMR Glow, who spoke out about the issue on Twitter. But a brief search online shows that other services such as YouTube and Fiverr are still a source of concern for creators.

8

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POLITICS

THE ELEPHANT IN THE BAR-ROOM

BY BEN HAGEMANN

“PEOPLE say alcohol is a drug. It's not a drug – it's a drink.” - Chris Morris

For too long we've ignored a glaring hypocrisy. No one really talks about it, but Responsible Service of Alcohol laws in each state and territory (the ones that stipulate the illegality of serving alcoholic beverages to a patron who exhibits signs of inebriation) are ignored every day throughout the Federal Commonwealth of Australia. Some standout cases are prosecuted in a nod to deterrence, but if charges were laid each time a drunkard wiped the drool off his chin and straightened up to order another round, our local courts could collapse under the pressure.

Hyperbole aside, we've all seen RSA 'Duty-of-Care' in action. Under ideal conditions, publicans profit by serving drugs to eager, thirsty patrons until they leave, and happily. But some, by law, are told to leave when they can no longer muster the façade of sobriety. The hapless customer, who paid handsomely for their debilitation and feels entitled to continue the process, is then unceremoniously ejected from the premises by a dispassionate bouncer.

But even a single pint of beer can intoxicate someone enough to legally invalidate their driving privileges. What do we mean: *intoxicated*? The hazy, imprecise definitions are much the same (slurring, stumbling, fumbling for change, does the responsible person believe the patron is drunk) but the terminology for the supposedly illicit state of being changes when you cross state lines. The NSW Liquor Act refers to “intoxicated” people. Queensland specifies concern with *unduly* intoxicated drinkers, while Western Australia still targets good old-fashioned “drunks”. To Queensland's credit, an intoxicated person IS allowed to remain in the bar, supervised and with a glass of water. But a New South Welsh publican, even if she wants to do the right thing by a punter

who's suddenly feeling a little under-the-weather, is legally obliged to evict the poor bastard.

Solving the professional problem 'to-serve or not-to-serve' should be easy enough at the barman's discretion, and it is, because a lack of definitive precision sets up a broad, grey area in society that is *treasured* by drinkers: real-world social acceptance. Why, even your faithful scribe has enjoyed the publican's willingness to profit from our natural inebriated impulses, and flout this lowest-common denominator law time and time again. And God bless them for it! After all, they're patrons too. I mean, legislators know what bars are for, right? The only reason people go out and drink at late-night venues is to get completely and “unduly” intoxicated with their friends.

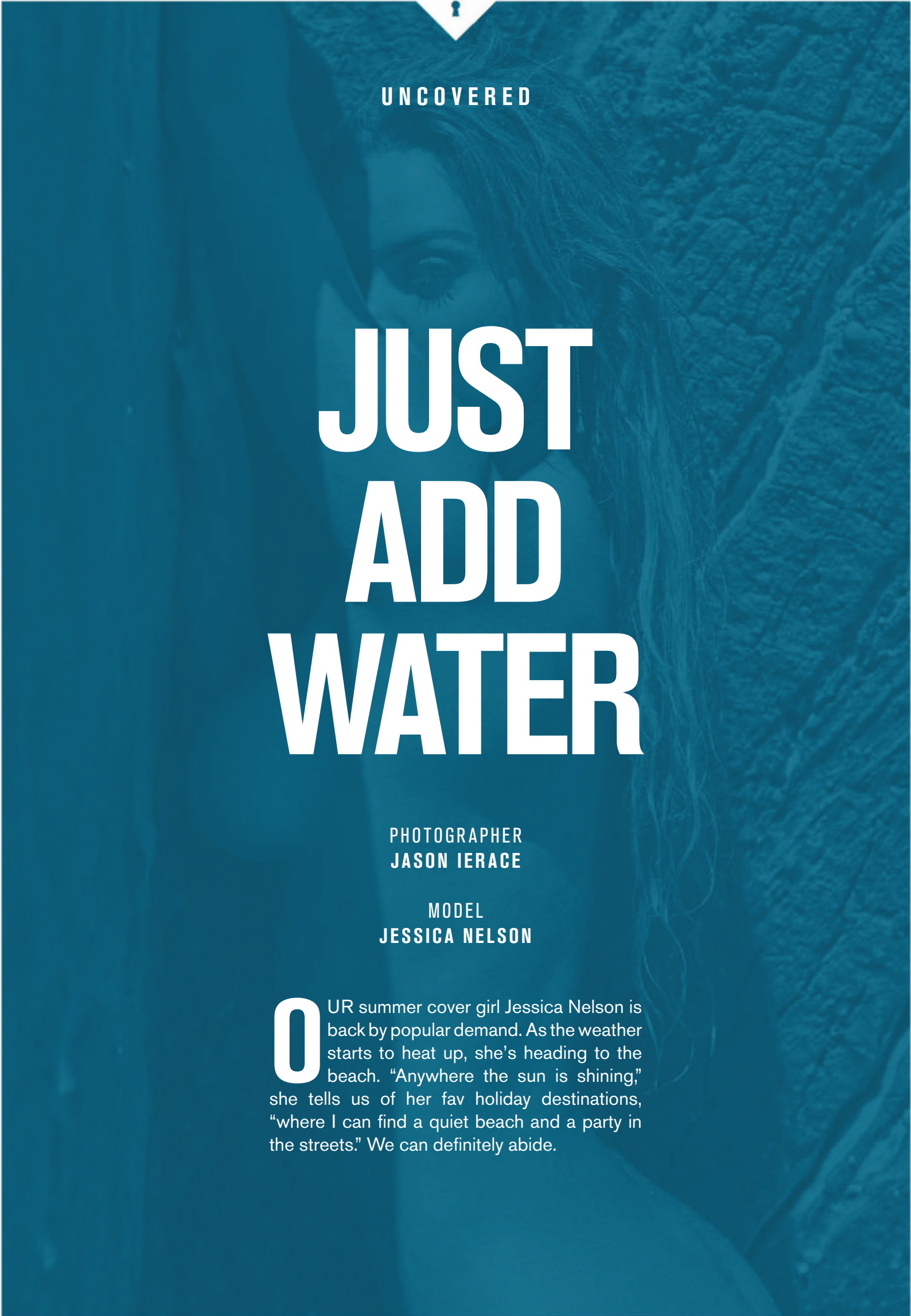
Our laws are intended to prevent harmful behaviours while simultaneously respecting the free will of the individual. Offenders should be severely sanctioned, but many behavioural directives simply add unnecessary layers of legal taboo, all for the sake of deterring harmful acts (like assault) already covered by perfectly intuitive laws.

Politicians express our envy of European drinking culture, but to evolve into that kind of culture we first need to relax, Max, and roll back the criminalisation of intoxication. You need to let people drink beer in the street if they want. Have a read about what happened with heroin in Portugal and Switzerland. Do we want our kids to grow up with balanced attitudes towards alcohol? Continental families teaching their kids how to drink, yet Victoria recently chose to stop parents giving their child a taste of wine in a restaurant. It's a snake eating its own tail, a frustratingly tautologous struggle between our evolved, reward-seeking instincts, and the criminalisation of perceived risk without actual crime – which seems far from the way we should handle such matters. ❶



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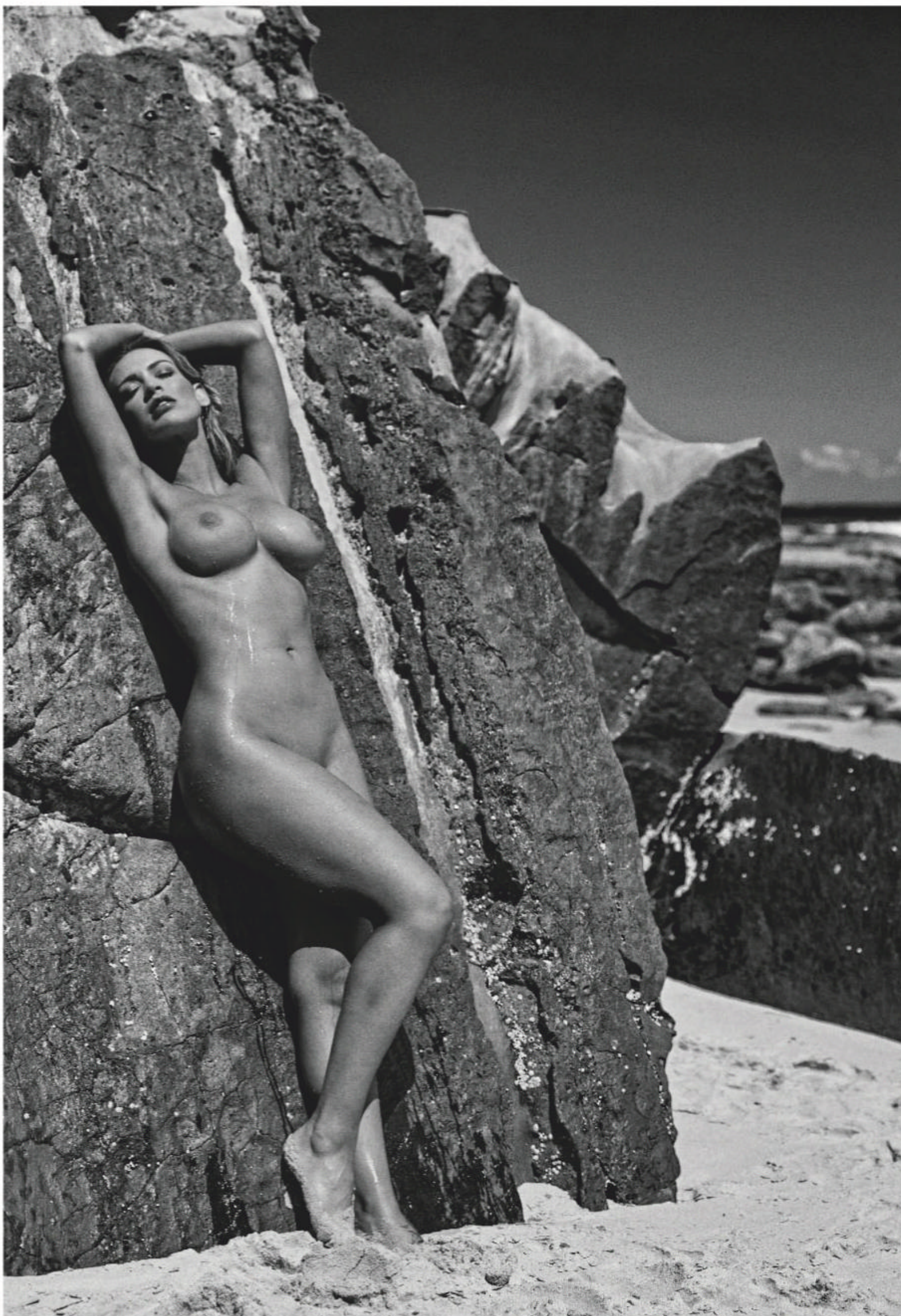
JUST ADD WATER

PHOTOGRAPHER
JASON IERACE

MODEL
JESSICA NELSON

OUR summer cover girl Jessica Nelson is back by popular demand. As the weather starts to heat up, she's heading to the beach. "Anywhere the sun is shining," she tells us of her fav holiday destinations, "where I can find a quiet beach and a party in the streets." We can definitely abide.













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INTERVIEW

The Queen Of Controversy

SENSATIONAL YOUTUBE STAR BLAIRE WHITE ON POLITICS, THE MIDDLE EAST, THE CULTURE WAR AND WHY SHE WILL NEVER WEAR A RED HAT IN LA AGAIN.

INTERVIEW BY MISH BARBER-WAY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GERALD DE BEHR

BLAIRE White never thought she would end up making a living from YouTube. The 24-year-old Northern California native just needed a place where she could talk about her political views, which were becoming increasingly unpopular with her progressive, social-justice-warrior friends.

White was 20 years old and regretfully studying computer science at college. Frustrated by the lack of political diversity on campus and by the militant brand of feminism that was taking over her peer group, she decided that if she couldn't debate with her friends, she'd talk to her computer. She made a short video criticising feminism, uploaded it to YouTube, and thought nothing of it.

Cut to a few years later, and White has become a provocative and popular voice in the political conversation between self-made commentators like Dave Rubin of *The Rubin Report*, Ben Shapiro of the *Daily Wire*, comedian Joe Rogan, and YouTuber Laci Green. White is young, fringe and no-holds-barred, a strong millennial voice brave enough to address the culture war and question the narrative. And though there are many people who love her, there are just as many who hate her. >>





On her YouTube channel, White mostly sticks to politics. She's criticised Black Lives Matter (the backlash was so intense the FBI got involved), feminism, transgender politics, fat-acceptance and rape culture. She debates other YouTube stars who disagree with her views, often uploading the unedited two-hour debates for her fans to watch. But most recently, she started branching out from politics and doing personal videos. The debut? A vlog detailing the intense round of plastic surgeries she had to complete her transition to becoming a female. Did we not mention that White was born a dude? (Yeah, I know. We could hardly tell either.)

With a documentary being made about her life for WAG TV, her recent engagement to boyfriend Joey, and her growing number of followers, White is at the top of her game. Welcome to the wild, wonderful world of Blaire White.

How has YouTube changed your life?

YouTube has changed my life in more ways than I probably even realise. I started my channel two years ago, and in that time so many things have happened. I was a broke college student with four roommates that I never should have been living with, and I started YouTube on my little 4 ADP webcam. I had a light from Target as my professional lighting. It really just took off. Everything that has happened is very surprising. I never thought this would be my job.

What compelled you to make the first video?

My first video was a criticism of feminism. I made the video because, at the time, I wasn't in an environment that would accept my opinions. I couldn't openly talk about that without backlash or losing friends. I mean, I've lost friends over my YouTube channel, but now I have a new set of friends and peers.

But at that particular time I was a college student, and in addition to my peers disagreeing with me, my professors did, too. I really used YouTube as an outlet to discuss my politics without being made to feel like an outcast. It paid off. So, thank God.

You don't really fit into the right or the left, but you say you lean right. At one time though, you were a far-left, progressive social-justice warrior. What changed?

[Laughs] It was the year before I started YouTube that I began to come into my own thoughts and beliefs. Before that, I was on the complete opposite side of the political spectrum. It was being young and not having the willpower, desire, or ability to build my life from the ground up, which is what I have done now. I didn't know how the world worked. I'm sure I will have more ideological or personal changes in my lifetime, but this is where I'm at now.

Where were you at in your transition when all this ideological change was happening?

Interestingly enough, the further along in my transition, the further I changed politically.

Why do you think that is?

Because being trans you have to do shit yourself. I realised that where I wanted to be and what I wanted to be was not going to be handed to me. I had to go after it myself. That informed a lot of my options outside my transition. Self-determination, accountability, and personal responsibility became really big factors in my success.

“We are at the point now where people are harassed and booed out of restaurants for believing the ‘wrong’ thing.”

When I was younger, I saw things I could not overcome as obstacles instead of challenges. I don't see obstacles anymore.

You've had success. You've proven to yourself that you're capable.

I completely shocked the fuck out of myself with the number of things I've done. I look at my life even two years ago, and I'm now living a completely different life. I'm engaged. I have a career. I have a movie coming out soon.

What's the movie?

I'm currently being filmed for a movie about my life story with WAG TV. They do all the shows on the Discovery Channel. We've had cameras in our home for a few weeks now. It's been kind of hard. [Laughs]

One thing I like about you is that you can't be put in a box. Why do you think so many people can't handle that?

I think a lot about why I'm considered

controversial. I feel as though I don't say things *that* crazy, and my fans and everyday people on the street wouldn't consider my views controversial. I'm just saying things that most of us think but won't say out loud because of the fear of retaliation. I guess someone has to get the slings and arrows that come with that. I'll take it.

You wrote a tweet that said, “Stop ending friendships over political differences. It's an immature and shitty thing to do to someone just because you disagree with them.” And people got upset by this. I don't see what was offensive about that statement.

I'm at the point now where I can predict the reaction to certain statements I make. But that one got virally dragged! Hundreds of thousands of people coming at me for that. It was one of the tamest things I've ever said!

Objectively, I don't see what's wrong with it.

I don't either and I never will. I have thought hard about it. People have called me racist over that tweet.

[Laughs] How is that racist? Look, people have allowed religion to become their politics. People like me show that this is a reality. On my channel, it's a pretty friendly place. But any time I'm posted somewhere else, it's an extreme amount of hate. People like me put a spotlight on that vitriol just by existing and speaking our minds.

When is it going to end?

I don't know! [Laughs]

We are in a culture war.

Oh, yes. We are at the point now where people are harassed and booed out of restaurants for believing the “wrong” thing. It almost makes me want to back off more and more and more. I want to participate less. It gets exhausting. It's such a soulless genre to be involved in. Pure politics turns you into a monster and I do not want to be a monster.

Have you had any public attacks?

I've been doxxed, which means that your

personal information has been made public online. I've had to deal with the FBI over this. It was very serious. I've had legitimate threats against my life. I've been in gay clubs and all of a sudden been surrounded by people who want to beat me up. On the flip side, the overwhelming majority of the reception I get is positive, whether it's at the gym or on Hollywood Boulevard. If it was pure hatred, I'd have to rethink some things.

How did the trans discussion become inherently tied to leftism? The trans conversation is new. We wouldn't be sitting here talking like this 10 years ago.

In some ways, it was easier to be trans 10 years ago. No one knew what it was and you could just live your life after transitioning. Don't get me wrong, I'm aware of the fact that a lot of my success is tied to me being trans. I'm not denying how it has helped me. But there's also a misconception that being trans is political. That it's tied to leftist politics, feminism, or any ideology. But it is biological, neurological and physiological. I felt trans when I was a kid at four or five years old. I think that because a lot of people on the left are the ones who end up speaking up for trans people, it becomes conflated. Trans people can be purple-haired San Francisco feminists or gun-slinging Southerners. Ninety percent of the people who speak up about trans issues are not trans. They end up controlling the conversation instead of letting trans people talk. I think that if we controlled the narrative, people who don't understand us would start to.

I think this is also a product of social media. Everyone has their opinion and can share it. How do you feel about social media, seeing as how it's a big part of your career?

I guess my relationship with social media has changed in the past two years since it became a job. Sometimes I love it. Sometimes I hate it. It really depends on what scandal I'm dealing with. [Laughs]

There have been studies that show how detrimental social media can be to one's self-esteem and self-worth, but those studies are done on people who log on during their lunch breaks, between classes, etc. They don't do the studies on people who do social media for a living. I can't complain. Social media has given me everything and it's

why I'm here right now with you.

Let's talk about baby Blaire. Obviously, you were not born with boobs. How did you become the Blaire White sitting with me now?

Like I said, my earliest memories involved gender dysphoria. I felt like no one saw me the way I wanted to be seen. I didn't fit into male activities. I could not live up to those gender standards. I had no idea what "trans" was, but I understood that there was something wrong. My dad would ask me why I talked, walked and acted feminine. I've always been feminine. My voice never dropped! The signs were there really early. It wasn't until I became an adult that I could get on hormones, get surgery and make it happen. However, people are transitioning very young now. Transitioning is hard. It fucks with your mind and your body. The thought of going through that as a kid is pretty crazy to me.

When did the reality of becoming a woman actually happen?

As I got older, the feelings of gender

I don't remember too much. This was the first really personal video that I did, which opened the door to talk about my life a little more. Before that video, my content had been strictly political.

Can you describe the surgeries you underwent?

I had multiple at one time. I got my breasts done and a few different things on my face. I had rhinoplasty and a brow-bone shave.

What's a brow-bone shave?

All biological males have a ridge on their forehead right above their brow line. You would never really notice it unless you knew it was there, but you can feel it. This ridge makes a difference when you scan a face. People subconsciously notice it when you're figuring out which gender someone is. Basically, what they do is cut your skin off at your hairline, pull the skin down, shave the bone until it's flat, then staple you back up. The recovery for that one – again, painkillers – but from what I remember, it was terrible. But now my ridge is gone. I'm flat as a pancake.

“My dad would ask me why I talked, walked and acted feminine. I've always been feminine. My voice never dropped!”

kept increasing. I was experimenting with my look as a teenager, which was a mess. At that time, I'd met someone who ended up being my best friend for years, and I saw a lot of myself in him. We both realised, around 16 years old, that we needed to transition together. When we were about 19 or 20, we started our transition. We were roommates. I had just ended a relationship and moved back to California from Michigan. However, the friendship ended. She didn't agree with my politics, which is sad, because we went through something very intense together. I knew I had to transition to be happy. I started my transition, then my YouTube channel, and I finished my transition on YouTube.

Why did you want to put your surgery videos on your channel?

I decided to vlog my surgery for my own keepsake. I still watch it sometimes. I was on copious amounts of painkillers.

Why the hell did you do all those surgeries at once?

I know. I'm nuts. But my mind-set was to get it all over with. I'm terrified of surgery and I never wanted to go through it again, so I just figured I should do it all at once. I'm glad I did it that way. I was able to get back to work not long after.

Speaking of work, which videos have been the most controversial and what was the backlash?

I did a video where I criticised the extreme elements of the Black Lives Matter movement. This was during the summer of 2016, and there was a lot of rioting around BLM. I prefaced my criticism by stating that BLM started with good intentions but had somehow gone haywire. After I published that video, I woke up the next day to a storm. I had been doxxed. I had hundreds of thousands of people attacking me online, and eventually, the FBI got involved.



Can you get the police involved when someone doxxes you?

It's not taken seriously. If you make a living online, and you're a social media influencer, having your address leaked online is extremely dangerous. It's not leaked to seven people, it's leaked to thousands. One of my fans found the woman who had doxxed me. She admitted to doxxing me. Then my fans took it upon themselves to start harassing her. They hacked into her mother's bank account. They hacked into her school information. I do not condone this kind of behavior and I even made a statement saying that. But also, like, don't fuck with me, because my fans will protect me. [Laughs]

Penthouse was actually slut-shamed out of the SlutWalk. Which is pretty anti-slut for a bunch of alleged pro-sluts. But I digress. What happened when you went?

I went to Amber Rose's SlutWalk out of curiosity. I wanted to talk to the people who were participating and see why they were there. I met a lot of fans, barely any

that people trust me with their stories and want to share with me. I have made videos highlighting their stories, which I think is important, because so much of the conversation here ignores their plight. I think it's common knowledge how gay rights suck in other countries, but I don't think people realise how extreme it is: you can be killed or jailed. I've had people email me from African countries who tell me that there are government-funded magazines with hit lists of gay people, detailing their names and their personal information. It's like a "Wanted" list for gay people. And half the time, these people are not even gay, but happened to be standing too close to another man or whatever the case.

Once you hear these stories, it's hard to forget them. America is not perfect, but we have it pretty good, and we have to remember these other people who are struggling in a way we'll never understand. I never want to live my prissy life in Los Angeles oblivious to the brutal situations in other countries. One of my life goals is to create a

"I'm very levelheaded about Trump. I appreciate when he does good things, and I criticise him when he does bad things."

haters. I took Joey and my friend with me as bodyguards, but I didn't even need it. I interviewed so many people at SlutWalk, and almost every single person had no idea why they were there. I am not against the SlutWalk, I just don't think it has cohesive politics. There was an ideological component that was missing. One woman said to me, "I'm here because little boys are taught to rape little girls." That's a pretty vague statement. She couldn't elaborate.

You have one video where you read emails from LGBT people in the Middle East who are living in hell. Do you have a lot of people reaching out to you?

I get messages from people all over the world, whether they are LGBT or not, but more LGBT. A lot are from Middle Eastern or African countries where you cannot be gay, let alone trans. It's against the law. It means the world to me

foundation that helps get these people out of their countries and their bad situations. I have no structure or plan, but I will figure it out. For now, I do what I can, but I want to do something bigger. **It's truly brutal, what they're facing.**

People forget: laws shape the culture. If you're living in a country where it's illegal to be gay, no one is going to have a neutral view when it comes to gay people. Gays are villainised. They are treated like paedophiles, though in some of these countries, it's standard practice for a 40-year-old man to marry an 11-year-old girl, and this is supported by both families, yet being gay is illegal. That puts it into perspective. It's fucked. **That seems so archaic.**

People use the phrase "stuck in the past," but no, literally, these countries are stuck in the past. These places are culturally fucked. And when discussing this, "culture" will be used as a shield.

Oh, it's their culture. Sorry. Some cultures are fucking shitty.

Let's talk about your "Make American Great Again" hat video. I haven't watched it yet.

I love when people say they haven't watched it yet. It's my craziest video! I can't even do it justice. As a social experiment, I thought it would be interesting to see what happened if I walked around Hollywood, where I live, wearing a MAGA hat. Los Angeles is very liberal, and I wanted to see the kinds of reactions I would get. I was assaulted twice in the video. We happened to walk by a protest, which was not planned. It was an anti-Trump protest. I had no idea what the protest was for. I saw a cop and asked him what the people were protesting, and he didn't know. We figured it out pretty quick.

The first assault I received was from a male protester in a pink pussy hat who came up and snatched the hat off my head as I was taking a selfie. I tried to chase after him and get it back. I fell, and he stomped on my hand and broke my acrylic nail. I was bleeding everywhere! **Did you punch him?**

No, there was a cop right there trying to separate us. We left that area and I was really upset and wanted to go home. I decided to film the outro of the video, "Hey guys, I'm heading home, this was crazy, etc." And as I'm filming, this person runs up from behind Joey and throws a bottle of alcohol in my face. It was the cherry on top of a shitty sundae. I'm not even a Trump supporter. I'm very levelheaded about Trump. I appreciate when he does good things, and I criticise him when he does bad things. I judge him issue by issue, policy by policy. I did the hat thing as an experiment because the red MAGA hat is so symbolic now. You can't wear one in L.A.

I can't believe the man stomped on your hand!

Yes, a man in a pink pussy hat. I had no idea it was going to be that intense. Even when I realised it was an anti-Trump protest, I never imagined I would be physically assaulted.

You were assaulted for your accessories.

It's crazy. There's another awful story about a girl who was wearing a red hat, people mistook it for a MAGA hat and beat her up. Lesson learned: don't wear a red hat in a liberal area. ❶

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THE REPORT

RISE OF THE RIGHT-WING ROCK STAR

WHY DOES THE AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC HAVE SUCH
AN APPETITE FOR THE PUNK ROCK RIGHT?
BY DAISY COUSENS

WHEN your average person thinks 'rock star', images of Jimi Hendrix, Johnny Rotten, and Elvis 'The Pelvis' Presley come to mind, along with all the other shakers and crooners of the twentieth century. Whether it's screeching out an otherworldly guitar solo, belting lyrics that make your grandmother holler, "Blasphemy!", or gyrating in a way that would make a sex worker blush, those three, and others like them, changed the cultural fabric of the time in which they operated. They commanded (and still command) vast followings of enamoured fans, along with throngs of hand-flapping haters. However, both their lovers and haters have one thing in common: a one-eyed obsession for a single, exquisite individual, who, for better or worse, ensnared the masses with a rock-star-esque gravitational pull. »

However, 'rock stars' existed long before rock music. Cast your mind back to 1813, when famed Romantic poet, Lord George Gordon Byron, socialite extraordinaire and wordsmith par excellence, was tearing his way through London. Byron was sleeping with every wife not behind a locked door, drinking and gambling up a storm, refusing to be tied to any existing social convention, and above all else, creating some of the most luscious, ethereal, alluring combinations of words ever to have graced the English language. Although he wasn't slamming on a guitar, Byron had the entourage, the social presence, the intrigue and the raw, unaffected talent to bring a city to its knees. He inaugurated the 'rock star' archetype; the first person in history to be famous for simply being outrageous.

As such, the archetype of the rock star does not necessarily infer an affiliation with the musical genre. The term denotes a figure with great charisma, and the ability to hypnotise a crowd with a look or gesture. They have a message to convey, whether through art or other means and are not afraid to drop ideological grenades to achieve their ends. Because of this message, and their eagerness to promote it, those who fit the rock star archetype inspire extraordinary love in their supporters and rankest hatred in their opponents. These kinds of people have also been termed 'contrarians', 'rabble-rousers', 'hell-raisers', and 'provocateurs'. More recently, their detractors have taken to calling them 'trolls'. But what they have in common with Hendrix, Rotten, Presley and Byron is their ability to entertain.

It is interesting to note that over the past few years, the archetype of the rock star has moved into the realms of political and cultural commentary. This would seem unusual, as it is an area generally associated with bland talking heads who all look the same and speak in monotonous drawls about the driest facets of business and the economy. It is even more interesting that the modern-day, ideological rock star is almost exclusively right wing.

We all know their names; Stefan Molyneux, Lauren Southern, Gavin McInnes, Ann Coulter, and the incomparable Milo Yiannopoulos. They, and others such as Candace Owens, Paul Joseph Watson, Ben Shapiro and Steven Crowder, populate the ranks of what has been termed 'punk rock conservatism'. They are right-leaning people with charisma, smarts and a savage sense of humour, who are pioneering their way through the culture wars, freaking out leftists any way they can.

Largely eschewed by the heavily left-wing media, their bread-and-butter is the online sphere. With vast Facebook, Twitter and most notably YouTube presences, they have helped forge a sort of alt-media empire, in which data, facts and opinions are aired that mainstream news sources simply will not touch. And, in true rock star form, they have the ever-present threat of being banned or de-platformed hanging over them. They have created the modern-day "counterculture", a realm that has historically been owned by the left.

This theory of conservatism as the new counter-culture, or 'punk rock', as Gavin McInnes and Paul Joseph Watson have asserted, is met with much resistance, both on the left and the right. Refusing to acknowledge the fact they now dominate the mainstream cultural sphere, the left frantically dismisses this notion. As the original proponents of modern counterculture in the mid-to-late twentieth century, they are desperate to cling to their status as the curators of cool. However, the

THEY ARE RIGHT-LEANING PEOPLE WITH CHARISMA, SMARTS AND A SAVAGE SENSE OF HUMOUR, WHO ARE PIONEERING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CULTURE WARS, FREAKING OUT LEFTISTS ANY WAY THEY CAN.

left's march through cultural institutions such as Hollywood, the universities, most of the media and big tech has seen them plug their message all the way throughout popular culture. They won the culture war in the 1990s, but either don't seem to have realised it or are remaining wilfully ignorant to the fact.

There is nothing naughty or edgy about voicing left-wing talking points in the public area. The left, much as they try to deny it, has gone entirely mainstream, and mainstream is the polar-opposite of counterculture. However, as we've seen by the extraordinary mainstream media opposition to, for instance, Yiannopoulos, and the fact nowadays it only seems to be right-wing public figures and politicians who are protested, de-platformed, or harassed, you can safely assume there is something, very, very controversial about voicing a conservative point of view. Especially if like Yiannopoulos, Candace Owens and Southern, you are stepping outside the identity politics restrictions placed on members of allegedly 'oppressed' groups such as gay men, women of colour and millennial women.

Considering this societal dynamic, it would seem undeniable that conservatism is the new punk, and its new-age proponents the new rock stars. However, the more traditionalist-leaning right has remained as averse to this concept as the left. Their argument, put forward with much fusty huffing and puffing, is that by definition, conservatism is the movement charged with "conserving" the status quo. They argue this 'punk rock' mentality is reactionary, and being reactionary is the antithesis of conservatism.

This notion is, admittedly, a solid one. However, that would depend on what is perceived as the status quo. The traditionalists assert 'status quo' refers to a world operating within the bounds of traditionally conservative values, and that leftism is simply a sloppy deviation from that. This status quo includes maintaining standards of behaviour, and an aversion to making a fuss or drawing attention to oneself. To the traditionalist conservative, a right-wing counterculture is simply



STEFAN MOLYNEUX



LAUREN SOUTHERN

unnecessary, as so-called common sense will apparently win in the end. As such, they regard right-wing rock stars at best with distaste, and at worst, as something to be shut down and buried.

However, this animosity towards any evolution of conservative thought by the baby boomer trads has been the downfall of the right. Their unwillingness to get their hands dirty in the culture wars has allowed the left-wing march through powerful cultural institutions. Their lack of pushback has made it extraordinarily difficult for anyone right-of-centre to express an opinion without being howled down with the most appalling of ad hominem attacks. What the trads refuse to see is that the status quo has very much changed from what they believe it to be. This is not 1850; it's 2018, a time when the majority of Generation X and millennials lean to the left. What kind of conservative status quo do they think they're conserving, when the majority of those taking the reins of the free world are in stoic opposition to what the trads believe is the correct way to live?

Considering this, conservatism naturally and inevitably becomes countercultural, and its next-generation mouthpieces the new punk rock. And given their lack of presence in the mainstream media, it's no wonder there has been such an appetite for them in Australia in recent times. There are plenty of Australians who are sick to the back teeth of the modern, feral left, whose total unwillingness to engage in any kind of debate, let alone civil discussion of different ideas, has left many flitting around the centre, starving for some form of alternative opinion. Not to mention the closet millennial conservatives, who are made to feel like pariahs for daring to disagree with their peers, and know full well the social consequences should they come out with something as simple as, "The gender pay gap is a myth."

It's no wonder, then, that these right-wing rock stars accumulate such huge followings on social media. Far from silencing their views by refusing to air them, the left-wing mainstream media has allowed these renegades to flourish. After all, the online alt-media has a much larger reach than traditional media sources like the ABC and CNN and is home to seemingly infinite alternative content.

It is undeniable we already have some world-class conservative commentary in Australia. The likes of Andrew Bolt, Peta Credlin, Alan Jones, Paul Murray and so on provide a wealth of information and non-mainstream opinion. However, they are too often confined to cable TV. This, unfortunately, does not attract your average millennial who is becoming sceptical of the latest BuzzFeed article decrying the evils of manspreading. Or the throngs of insecure white teenage boys, who are frustrated and confused by every feminist Twitter rant about how straight white men are a scourge upon society and should be made to pay a heavy price for the crime of being born in the wrong form.

It is the likes of Yiannopoulos who address and debunk those cultural myths. Yiannopoulos does this in a way that is tailor-made for not just millennials looking for a hero, but for those older folks on the centre right who, dismayed by the language policing and political correctness in the mainstream arena, are simply looking for a good laugh. Yiannopoulos's 2016 *Dangerous Faggot* tour of American college campuses is arguably what started the right-wing rock star ball rolling. He travelled around the country in a tour bus, with an entourage of faithful minions at his service and swaggered around wearing the most stylish

THE LEFT, MUCH AS THEY TRY TO DENY IT, HAS GONE ENTIRELY MAINSTREAM, AND MAINSTREAM IS THE POLAR-OPPOSITE OF COUNTERCULTURE.

of sunglasses, regardless of whether he was inside or at night. He was greeted by angry SJW protest mobs, which he took great delight in baiting and ridiculing. He also performed (and I do mean performed) every lecture in a costume adhering to whatever theme he had chosen. And he was met with as much adulation as any rock star could ever hope to receive.

The *Dangerous Faggot* tour laid the blueprint for his 2017 Australian tour. By live-streaming his campus lectures on YouTube, Yiannopoulos created a strong foundation of international supporters, including a solid base in Australia. When it was revealed he would be touring the Land of Oz, a petition was launched to protest his arrival. It received about 1,000 signatures. However, a counter-petition, advocating for Yiannopoulos to speak, received over 10,000 signatures. Evidently, Yiannopoulos has more lovers than haters in the Land Down Under, which was evidenced by how swiftly his shows sold out. Fast enough, in fact, that he was forced to add additional shows in Melbourne and Sydney, so desperate was the public to see the great man in person.

Yiannopoulos's event was the furthest thing from what we have come to expect from a conservative political gathering. The restrained, high-collared, politely applauding trads conservatism has become so stereotypically associated with were nowhere to be seen. Instead, the room was packed full of raucous millennials, blue-collar workers, and your average 60-plus adults who just adore that charming gay guy for his hilarious jokes and fabulous outfits. As for Yiannopoulos; there was no bashful, creaky, quintessentially conservative-commentator entrance. He swanned onstage, fresh from his exclusive dinner with select patrons (which I had the very great privilege of attending), and proceeded to make the captivated crowd cheer, gasp, and above all, laugh until they were nearly sick. Rather than a political meet, the event was a rock concert, with Yiannopoulos the illustrious lead guitarist.

It is the rock star factor that makes figures like Yiannopoulos, Southern, McInnes, and the rest so effective in spreading their message. They have an inherent 'naughty factor', which marks them as different from your average pundit. If conservatism is the new punk, then with it we have a whole new category of rock star. And with Generation Z; the teenagers of today, projected to be the most conservative generation since World War II, it looks like these budding stars are going to shine ever brighter. ❶



JUMPING OFF THE BLANDWAGON

IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY YOUNG PEOPLE ARE ABANDONING MUNDANE MAINSTREAM POLITICS FOR FAR MORE EXCITING OFFERINGS. **BY DAVID LEYONHJELM**

JOHN Howard was widely mocked for once declaring his job would be done when all Australians felt relaxed and comfortable.

It never happened. The mob that howled him down from their mud-brick parapets is now demanding (from their ecologically sustainable bunkers) a desperate need for, nay, an unassailable right to, emotional, intellectual and financial cossetting from the government.

There is an obvious trend in our regulatory environment for what we say, what we do, and sometimes even what we think (perhaps without knowing it due to our supposed "privilege") to be subject to restrictions in the name of protecting others from hurt or uncomfortable feelings.

There is some irony in the fact that Malcolm Turnbull's spectacular downfall came about after waving the limp stick of appeasement to quell the uncomfortable – and most definitely unrelaxed – dynamics within the factions of his own party. By trying to be a man for all seasons, Malcolm became a milquetoast. And yet the Liberal Party continues down the path towards a principle-free principality, located just up the road from the province of electoral oblivion.

then, it wasn't always wise.

Freedom of expression is not only the right to speak but also the right to hear and to not listen. However, along with the rise of identity politics, has sprung the belief that the right to speak has to be somehow earned, and currency is only gained by ascribing to a certain set of pre-approved beliefs. Identity politics has become the new chlamydia infecting our university campuses.

I did not agree with everything Milo had to say on his Australian tour. Indeed, I do not believe Milo agrees with everything he says. That's his shtick. And yes, some of his logic is tortured. He cannot use the defence of having a black husband against allegations of racism any more than I can use the fact that I "own a wife" against allegations of sexism, as a now discredited and cancelled ABC comedy show satirically ascribed to me earlier this year.

But I am a libertarian. Like Voltaire, I may disagree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.

It is interesting to note that since our invigorating dose of Milo in 2017 we have been awash with visiting prophets bearing tonics to treat those suffering the aftereffects of suppressed speech. Already the permanently outraged walking wounded have turned their no-platforming energy to Gavin McInnes. The Vice Media

YOUNGER CONSERVATIVES ARE STEPPING OFF THE DREARY MERRY-GO-ROUND AND MAKING A BEELINE FOR THE ROLLERCOASTER.

With mainstream politics keeping a determined grip on the conveyor belt to nowhere, it's not surprising that younger, rabble-rousing conservatives are stepping off the dreary merry-go-round and making a beeline for the rollercoaster. The power of social media has enabled these right-wing thrill-seekers to persuade millions of frustrated followers to jump on board. And why the hell not?

Once a government takes on the role of mental hygienist, becoming the arbiter of permissible opinions, there will inevitably be an instinctive pushback to protect the expression of energetic and diverse ideas that epitomise free societies.

When I invited Milo Yiannopoulos to Parliament House last year, the event was marked not just by the predictable howls of outrage but also by calls from no-platformers who insisted Milo should not be heard.

There was a time not so long ago when only the most abhorrent inciters of racial hatred and violence – Nazis, skinheads, the Ku Klux Klan – were denied access to public discourse. And even

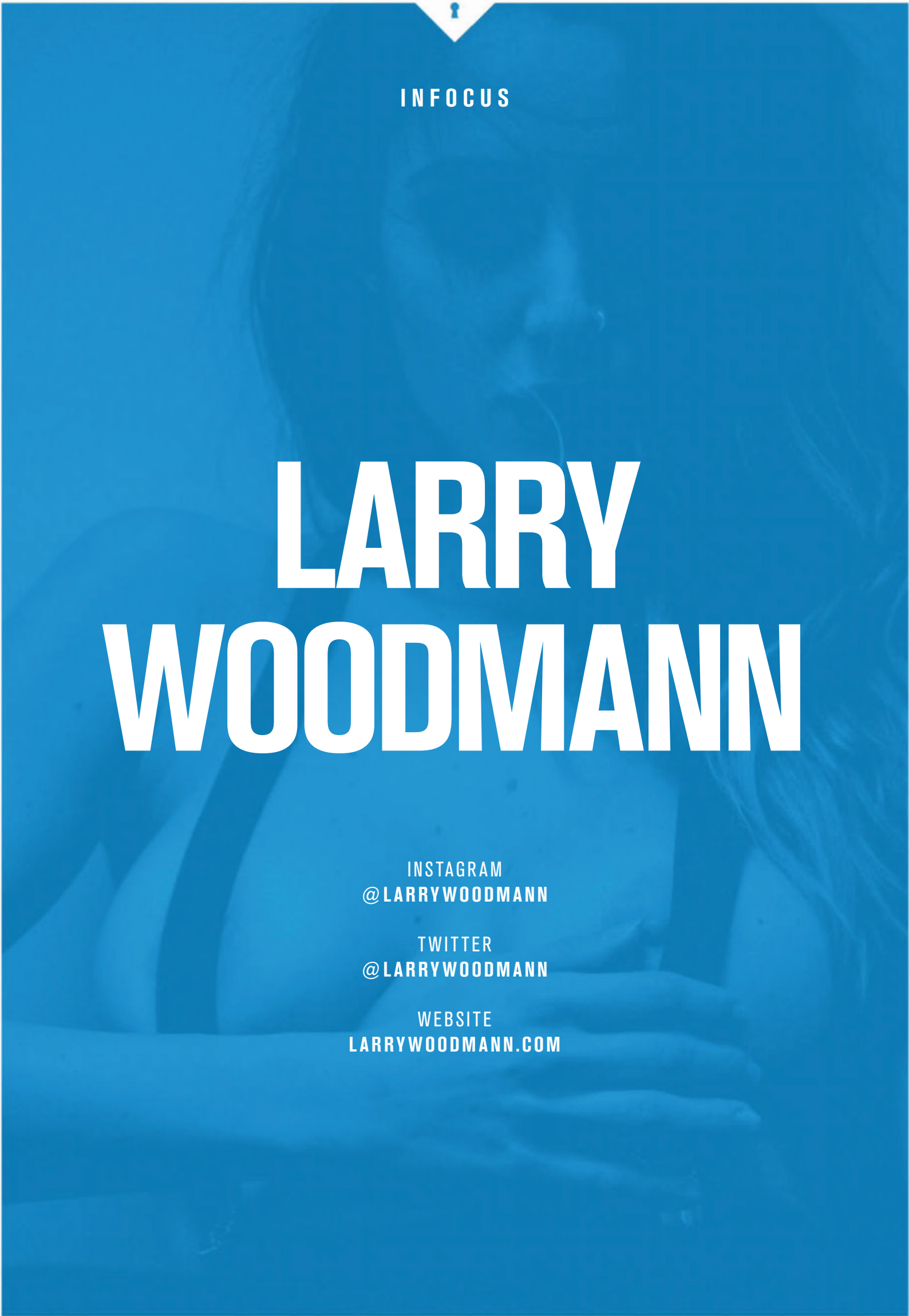
founder's planned visit followed those of Lauren Southern, Stefan Molyneux and Jordan Peterson in past months.

I do not believe it is sheer coincidence these charismatic mischief-makers are all Canadian. Courtesy and kindness are Canada's national virtues, frequently held up in favourable comparison to its brash neighbour to the south. But like many Australians, Canadians are becoming increasingly aware that the slowly simmering pot of political correctness is about to reach boiling point, as government interference continues to place even greater restrictions on our personal freedoms.

For Peterson, that tipping point came when the Canadian government passed laws mandating gender-neutral newspeak in higher education institutions, under penalty of prosecution and dismissal.

When the use of speech becomes as stringently regulated by governments as fists and firearms, you have to start wondering what the past 350 years of enlightenment were all about.

David Leyonhjelm is a senator for the Liberal Democrats 



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ITALIAN photographer Larry Woodmann casually started taking photos “almost as a game” in 2012, with his first subject being a professional model.

That set led Woodmann to be headhunted for other works, various publications and exhibitions.

Despite his success and talent as a photographer, Woodmann tells *Penthouse* that he still wouldn’t consider his photography work as a “career”.

“My career has been in other fields. I just tried to cultivate an instinct and maybe a talent with photography.”

“Photography has always been a wonderful game to practice as and when I feel like it.”

Woodmann describes his style as “emotional photography”.

“I always try to tell a story with my photographs. It’s not enough

for me to show a splendid naked body,” he explains. “I would say that I try to satisfy and stimulate an aesthetic of emotions and not an aesthetic of forms.”

“Obviously, however, I believe that there is nothing more exciting than the ‘woman’ universe, which therefore becomes my favourite emotional vehicle.”

Woodmann tells us he is inspired by “the need to stop time or a situation. It’s a difficult balance between living in the moment and sublimating it. If you do not live, you do not have enough ideas, but if you stop too much to think or imagine, you do not live.”

His favourite photos that he has shot are those that “often arouse less interest in the general public”.

“Photos on the road on the lonely streets of America or polaroids of girls who have never posed in their lives in moments backstage or everyday life, in the most intimate

and ‘secret’ part of it. I love them because they are real life photos and not built – they are reportages.”

Woodmann says he tends to work with models that he knows well and who are familiar with his approach to photography.

“For a certain type of photography that is often more a story than a set, I believe it works like the collaboration that certain directors have with certain actresses; in fact, I love cinema, and that for me is often also a source of inspiration.”

When asked if he had any advice for budding photographers, Woodmann says, “To do what I did needed only great passion, talent and study. To become a well-known professional, it requires great relationship skills with the people who make the market; I was too busy with other things to cultivate the last one.” **1**























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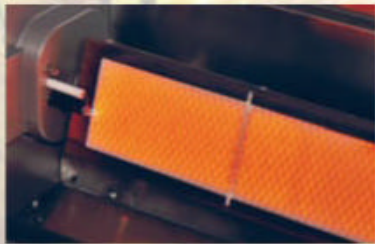
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THE MCINNES FILES



INTERVIEW



AN
INCREDIBLY
SERIOUS
CONVERSATION
WITH
PROFESSIONAL
FUNNYMAN
GAVIN
MCINNES

WE REALLY THOUGHT THIS
CONVERSATION WOULD BE FUNNIER...

GAVIN McInnes is controversial. He advocates “justified violence” against antifa protesters, he’s outspoken about the threat of Muslim immigration, he formed an unabashedly pro-male, drinking club called the “Proud Boys”, he’s been kicked off of Twitter, he’s a staunch supporter of Donald Trump, he thinks women aren’t “suited” to the workplace... honestly, to list the controversies surrounding McInnes would take up far too much page space, and that’s kind of what the interview below is for anyway. And fortunately, he’s not ashamed of who he is, where he came from or the growing influence he continues to have on youth culture (oh, yeah, he co-founded *VICE* magazine and kind of kick-started the Hipster movement, too).

Depending on who you talk to he’s either a raging asshole or some kind of pop-culture Messiah. Even after this interview, I’m still not sure which it is. One thing I know – he’s definitely no schmuck. Though he’s certainly made a fair few enemies over the years, there’s no doubt the dude is talented. But is he the racist leader of a far-right “Nazi” insurgency? Well...

Are you racist?

Ugh, I’m so sick of that question.

Well, sorry but-

No, no, no. I get it. I had to ask Lauren Southern the same thing when I had her on my show. That’s the world we’re living in. It’s basically Salem during the witch-hunts.

“ISLAMIC TERRORISM IS NOT A MAJOR THREAT IN THE U.S... YET. IF WE GAUGE BRITAIN AS THE CANARY IN THE COAL MINE, THINGS DON’T LOOK GOOD.”

Before you engage with someone publicly you have to say, “Are you a witch?” It’s like when criminals make a new guy say, “I’m not a cop” because apparently cops aren’t allowed to say they’re not a cop when they’re a cop.

I don’t even think racism exists.

That’s insane. What about the KKK?

It doesn’t exist to any relevant degree. It’s as prevalent as albino skateboarders. I saw an infographic recently that antifa was putting out. It listed zero deaths from them over

the past 12 years and about 30 a year from so-called “white nationalists.” First of all, the chart was insane. Antifa wear masks, so how the hell do we know which members are responsible for what deaths? Second, their definition of Nazi is so skewed, you could have some redneck kill another redneck over some love triangle, and it’s listed as an act of white nationalist terrorism. However, just for fun, let’s take their side of the story as a fact. Thirty deaths a year is the same as elevators here in America. So, even by their crazy standards, the looming Nazi threat is as dangerous as elevators.

You could say the same thing about the Muslim threat in America. You’re not even close to 30 deaths a year from Islamic terrorism. Furniture kills more people.

It depends what dates you choose to measure it from. If you’re anywhere near the 3,000 killed on 9/11, that’s going to be a lot more than furniture and elevators, but you’re right. Islamic terrorism is not a major threat in the US... yet. If we gauge Britain as the canary in the coal mine, things don’t look good. Elevators and furniture are getting safer. Islamic terrorism tends to get worse and worse as the Muslim population grows.

So you are a racist.

Islam isn’t a race, first of all. We had the Boston Bombers here who looked like all the white kids I grew up with in the suburbs. They probably were, actually. They liked hard rock and bodybuilding and cool cars.

Then, their teachers fed them a bunch of Marxist claptrap about how evil the West is and the next thing you know, they are ripe for radicalisation. Then, they go back to Chechnya or wherever the hell they’re from and when they’re uncle says, “You live in the Great Satan”, they go, “Oh yeah, that’s what my teacher was saying.” Leftist culture in the West is radicalising seemingly normal kids. Like that Jamaican kid who was part of the London train bombings. He grew up playing football and reading *Beano* comics.

We are the ones who sent him down the wrong path.

So Muslims can’t assimilate?

Moderate ones certainly seem able to, but why aren’t they blowing the whistle on the bad guys more often? I know why. It’s because they’re scared of retribution – especially in the UK. Even non-Muslims are punished for calling attention to these trends. Look at Tommy Robinson.

You’re quite close with him, are you?

Not in a gay way. No, wait. But seriously, before we get to that, I want to point out that Hindus and Sikhs assimilate beautifully into Western culture. Hindus don’t take jobs, they set up a corner shop or renovate an abandoned motel and start a new business. The Sikh obsession with justice and protection makes for great security guards and law enforcement. When you get off the plane at the airport in Ottawa, Canada, it’s nothing but Sikhs. That makes me feel safe. They lost one million people to Islamic terrorism, so they’re a lot less naive than most native Westerners.

So, Tommy...

One of the best people I’ve ever met. He’s a happy warrior who is constantly giggling and taking the piss. He’s like an elf. Now, if you cross him, he’ll knock you out cold, but that’s growing up in Luton. It’s a violent hellhole with two gangs warring at each other like Bloods and Crips. The hooligans and the Muslims aren’t just philosophical adversaries. They are rival gangs and both sides have the scars to prove it.

But he’s going to prison for disrupting a trial.

He’s facing prison for blasphemy because he was rude to some Muslim paedophiles. You know, in the old days, citizens would show up at sentencing and scream obscenities at the accused.

Everyone is entitled to a fair trial.

Not Tommy. He was whisked away to prison without so much as a hearing. And, for the record, the paedophiles he was taunting were there for sentencing. They had their “prison bags” with them. They knew they weren’t going back home. The trial was over. Now, Tommy was arrested for contempt of court. That’s usually yelling “fuck you” at a judge, or whatever. It’s usually a slap on the wrist, and I believe the previous worst sentence for it was a fine the accused refused to pay – and was forgiven. Sending Tommy to jail is sending him into the eye of the storm where he will either be killed in the yard or starved to death





because he refuses to eat food cooked by Muslims who have likely poisoned or shat in his food.

This is a cheery conversation.

Well, it's inevitably where you end up with that first question (and I'm not blaming you for that). Look, the hunt for racist white people is like bigfoot chasing. It's irrelevant. In America, whites are not even in the top five most successful ethnic groups. It goes Indian Americans, Japanese Americans, Israeli Americans... even African immigrants tend to do better than whites. Come to think of it, I believe Australian immigrants do better than the native citizens but that's because you're criminals.

You think Australians are criminals?

Sorta. You're like South Africans in that you've had to hustle for centuries to stay alive. The ones who are left are true survivors and to pull that off you need to be a hustler. Now, I also think it's possible the Australian DNA has some kind of criminal pickpocket DNA in it.

That's possible.

That's life. You have to hedge your bets. Look, I don't have a problem with hustlers. I'm from New York City, and we have a saying when people get screwed over there, "It's New York City. You got hustled." One reason I think we're having so much trouble in the workforce these days is women. They don't get the culture of sleeping with one eye open.

What do you mean?

Look, I'm not saying a woman should have her ass grabbed at work, but if that happens, call the cops or quit. All these multi-million dollar lawsuits because someone said something inappropriate are killing commerce. I know a lot of entrepreneurs who quietly admit to me over beers they are never going to hire a woman again. It's not worth the risk and women did this to themselves.

So #MeToo is bullshit?

Obviously, that's a case-by-case basis, but I come from the magazine industry and then I started an ad firm. The former is run by cougars and the latter is run by the velvet mafia.

What do you mean "run by"?

In the magazine business, you survive by getting ads. Women are usually in charge of marketing because it's really just spending a man's money and that's what they do best. The male CEO gives them a shopping budget and they go, "I'm going to give this

percentage of my budget to this magazine and this percentage to that." The way you get a bigger piece of the pie is to wine and dine them and ultimately, fuck them.

Power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely so as soon as they got the power to be the ass-grabbing boss, they grabbed it by the balls.

At *VICE*, we used to say we "ate our way to the top", but it was really the sales guys going on dates with these marketing women and fucking them for ads. They were all hideous old hags and they would lord their power over the guy as he lay on top of her and pumped away for the good of the company.

Graphic design firms needed this business too. They designed the ads and they did the exact same thing. In fact, it was a graphic design company in Toronto called Heliozilla that I'm convinced coined the term "cougar." If you switched the genders today, it would definitely be called rape. It would be called a cabal of sexual slavery, and I wouldn't be surprised if criminal charges were brought. Back then, the sales guys would just shrug and say, "I don't want

value as having your child's head cut off. Sound reasonable?

So women don't belong in the workforce?

95 percent would be happier as stay-at-home moms. It's not a tedious job where you're changing diapers and staring out the window. You are creating lives and shaping them. You are creating a home and a community. We just moved to the suburbs after 25 years in the city and the first thing my wife did was invite all the neighbours over for a housewarming so we could all get to know each other. That wouldn't occur to me in a million years.

But we're getting off track here. Do you know the story about Casey Affleck?

Ben Affleck's brother?

Correct. Nepotism, right? Hollywood is all nepotism. Anyway, he did this horrible movie called *Manchester by the Sea* that vies for awards by being the saddest thing imaginable. A bunch of kids die at the beginning and you cry and it wins awards. It's a cheap trick but it works. The way I remember the Casey Affleck story, is that the film is destined for greatness, and the director is a woman who hadn't really

"LOOK, I'M NOT SAYING A WOMAN SHOULD HAVE HER ASS GRABBED AT WORK. BUT IF THAT HAPPENS, CALL THE COPS OR QUIT."

to talk about it" when you'd tease them. Sometimes they'd gag when asked to get into details.

Advertising was similar, but we didn't go that far. Gays run advertising in New York and that means they hold the purse strings. This means they are constantly flirting and saying inappropriate things like, "You know if you let me blow you, you'd already have this account." You know what you do? You laugh. You may even go out for beers with that same guy later on. It's water off a duck's back and yet another example of why men are more suited to be in the workforce. I think Gretchen Carlson got US\$20 million from Fox News after Roger Ailes said she'd be making more money if she slept with him. That's how much that family got after their son was decapitated on a water slide. So, the suffering I endured as a creative at an ad company has the same monetary

done anything of note before. This is her big break.

As the film is gaining momentum at festivals and getting critical acclaim they're all staying at a hotel during some festival. Casey allegedly comes down and tells her he's going to need her room for an hour so he and Joaquin Phoenix can bang some chicks. She's mortified and enters the #MeToo movement as the victim of sexual assault. Huh?

If that was me and my career had been fast-forwarded by some celebrity, I'd say, "Fuck yeah" when he asked to use my room. I'd politely ask that he doesn't get any fluids on my pillowcase, but fuck it. I'll use my jacket as a pillow for one night. The big picture is, I sit at the bar sipping bourbon as my boss owes me one. That's great business, having a boss who is indebted to you. It's a get out of jail free

card, but she used it to ruin his career.

I gotta be honest, I thought this interview was going to be a lot funnier. This is so serious and well, even depressing.

Ha! When I do talks they are rarely political. My Australian tour is basically a stand-up comedy tour. It will be called “far right” simply because I don’t kowtow to the left’s taboos, and I talk in public the way we all talk in bars.

This conversation is so brutally serious because of that opening question. It’s become like being seen as a paedophile. When the cannibal Jeffrey Dahmer found out they were doing a documentary on him, he contacted the filmmakers and explained that he only ate black people because that was the neighbourhood he lived in, and they were the most prevalent. If he lived in a white area, he would’ve eaten white people. In other words, being seen as a racist in this day and age is worse than being seen as a cannibal.

The tone you and I are having is what you get when you start with, “Are you a witch?” It’s what happens when we inject racism and sexism and Islamophobia into the

how much you harass my employer.

You lost your ad agency for saying that.

Yes, I wrote an article that argued trans women are not women – they’re “mentally ill gays”, and the Social Justice Warriors went apoplectic. We had just sold the agency to a much bigger company called Havas and they folded like a house of cards.

So why do it?

Because I can’t not. Also, because it’s fun. The alt-left are more than just socio-fascists. They are the new Puritans, the new Victorians. They are “not amused” and saddle young people with all these rules about what music you can listen to, what you can say, what jokes you can make, and how you can have sex. They are taking the colour and the excitement out of life and young people hate that. They want danger and excitement. They want rebellion.

Is that why we have this rock star movement of conservatives in Australia like Milo and Ann Coulter and Farage and Lauren Southern and Stefan Molyneux? Precisely. We’re not really “conservatives” (well, Ann is). We’re non-liberals. We are simply people who refuse to kowtow to

the Republicans know he’s out to get them, too. Draining the swamp means getting rid of all the corruption and that’s just as much right wing as it is left. Like Steve Bannon said, “Did you really think they’d give it up without a fight?”

Bannon, the white supremacist?

Oy vey, back to this. Do you really think there are white supremacists in the White House? It’s a very esoteric philosophy – that white people are inherently superior. The alt-left goes even farther and says racists want to exterminate everyone who isn’t white. That’s genocide. Maybe five dictators have done this in history and they were all either socialist or communist. It’s rare.

I’ve met some very far-right “racial realists” as they call themselves and they believe race is directly related to IQ. They also think Asians score higher than whites so, in that sense, they are Asian supremacists. These people are also totally aware these are only just general patterns and don’t apply to the individual. So, this is the very worst it gets – and I’m not saying I agree with any of what they have to say – but it’s not that bad. It certainly doesn’t threaten anyone’s personal safety. Not like, “What do we want? Dead cops! When do we want ‘em? Now!” or “Pigs in a blanket. Fry ‘em like bacon.” That sentiment leads to real-life murders of police.

I’m sorry. I just don’t get how you can deny racism exists.

Okay, try this. You’re sitting in a bar. There’s a guy there who likes the same sports team as you. Has the same beefs with their defence and hates the manager as much as you do. He also hates when people have a sandwich without the bread toasted. “It tastes like a sock,” he says, which is exactly what you said to your wife recently about soft bread sandwiches. He also drinks the same beer as you and hates all this craft beer crap – just like you. So, you turn your chair to the right and then you discover that he’s black. No thanks. I don’t want to be your friend because of your race. I’m going to deny myself all that stimulating conversation due to some bizarre hang-up about skin colour. I’m just not buying it. Human beings are way too selfish to deny themselves that kind of joy.

The same is true of the free market. All a business wants to do is survive. They want to avoid layoffs and turn a profit. When they discover an accountant who will save them \$1 million and is only asking for an \$80k salary, they see a \$920k profit. You think

“WE’RE NOT REALLY ‘CONSERVATIVES’ (WELL, ANN IS). WE’RE NON-LIBERALS. WE ARE SIMPLY PEOPLE WHO REFUSE TO KOWTOW TO THEIR RULES.”

conversation. They’re even talking about ableism in the age of Trump. I’ve seen signs in schools that say, “I stand by my immigrant students. I stand by my trans students. I stand by my handicapped students.” What? Are you saying the Trump Gestapo is going to come storming into your class and take away all the handicapped kids? What’s he going to do, rip them from their wheelchairs and throw them on a train to the death camps? That’s clown world shit. We’re living in a clown world.

And the problem is, people are so cowardly, they don’t want to point it out lest they get ostracised and lose their jobs, or whatever. They don’t want to be honest because honesty has consequences so they just shut up and roll over. Well, I’m not doing that. I couldn’t live with myself if I capitulated to all these crazy demands. No there are not infinite genders. I don’t care

their rules. It’s become cliché to say we’re the new punk rock, but it’s true. We are the ones getting kicked off campus like the misfit frat in the movie *Animal House*. We’re the ones getting attacked by the rich kids in antifa. We’re the ones you’re not supposed to tell anyone you listen to. Antifa shirts are available at Wal-Mart. Mainstream news like CNN still fawns over them and takes “anti-fascist” totally literally. They are the conformists. We are the rebels.

How can you call yourself a rebel when your guy is the President of the United States?

Because he’s alone. Yes, he’s king but the entire kingdom is out to get him. We’re out here in full armour, swinging our swords around, and he’s in the White House doing exactly the same thing. I go to DC a lot, and he is despised there by both sides. Only 5 percent of them voted for Trump, because



they're going to do an about-face when they find out he's black? Why? The HR guy who hires him is going to be a hero. He's going to have more job security for finding the guy. It's a win-win. I'd even argue that they'd be so thrilled to have a black accountant; they'd put his desk in the front window.

Others would argue it's not that simple. It's systemic.

Yeah, well, fuck off with that gay word. It's a "microaggression." It's floating through the air like an amorphous gas you can't see. I'm not saying racism was never a thing. All the -isms were at one point but it's 2018. There are no more excuses. Immigrants are kicking your ass because they work harder and they tend to eschew a victim complex. Bust your ass and you will make it. It's really that simple.

You seem to have always landed on your feet despite setback after setback. Is hard work the answer?

My son was learning to snowboard this winter and he wanted to give up and I told him, "You're a McInnes. McInneses don't quit! We get fired."

many hard workers like Andrew WK and The Strokes and even Girl Talk work their asses off and get paid.

How does one start a youth movement?

Ha! Well, the hipster thing was *VICE* Magazine doling out a DO and a DON'T a day. It was a satirical fashion column, but it inadvertently created a rulebook for a subculture. That's what youth movements are – a series of rules. Punks have to wear Doc Martens and have Manic Panic in their hair. Mods need tapered pants and a Vespa. Sharpies need a Chelsea cut and a sweater vest. That's all it is.

But hipsterdom was also inexorably linked with the gentrification of Brooklyn.

Sure. We ended up there after going bankrupt because one of our clients had a warehouse in Williamsburg. Having writers come by and hosting parties out there slowly made it into a "scene." I'm not responsible for hipsters like some magic wizard. The ball was already rolling in that direction. I just helped guide it. Sort of like the way Malcolm McLaren did with punk or Paul Weller did with the mods.

the Know Nothings, the Shriners, Elk's Lodge, Knights of Columbus, Masons, etc. etc. Even Fred Flinstone had a club. Then, Gloria Steinem and her buddies decided the whole concept was sexist, and they were abolished. Then, men only had one place to go to be with other men, strip clubs. There were women there but there certainly weren't any ladies.

When I suggested we start the whole thing up, I did it as a gag. The name is a satirical shout out to that terrible song from *Aladdin*, "Proud of Your Boy." Our rituals are retarded. It's all just a bit of fun but because it's unabashedly pro-male, it's seen as racist (I know, I don't really get it either, especially when so many of our members are black). To simply do what dads have been doing for generations is seen as some kind of radical political act. That's why the movement absolutely exploded. The demand was there, anxiously waiting to get started.

But you guys go to rallies and fight.

No. We go to rallies and defend ourselves. That is deemed violent in this day and age. I was kicked off of Twitter for enjoying the moment our boy Rufio Panman knocked out an antifa kid who was smashing him with a collapsible baton. Apparently, you're just supposed to sit there and take it.

We are primarily a drinking club, but if someone we know or respect is going to do a talk, we are happy to go with them and make sure they don't get attacked. I got pepper sprayed when I went to do a talk at New York University. There was a mob of kids trying to kill me. If I didn't have a dozen Proud Boys with me that night, I may not have made it. That's not political. It's survival.

So, the hipster thing was just a silly fashion trend that caught on because it had its own magazine to document it. The Proud Boys is just a silly drinking club that caught on because there is a war on anyone who is not deeply ashamed of themselves. To say "proud" when you don't specifically mean black or gay or female is basically an act of war. Okay, we're at war, and that includes our black and gay members, you dummies!

Are there Australian chapters?

One in every city. They're all over the world. They're in Japan and UK and Norway and Canada and even Africa. This has gone way beyond me. My wife hates it and tells me to "disband" it, but I might as well have tried to disband hipsters. I'm not Moses. I'm Iggy Pop. **1**

IMMIGRANTS ARE KICKING YOUR ASS BECAUSE THEY WORK HARDER AND THEY TEND TO ESCHEW A VICTIM COMPLEX.

So, you were fired from *VICE*?

Hard to say. Ostracised? I became incompatible with them as the fellow co-founders and I stopped hanging out. It happens to every company/band/movement, and it's probably a good thing. We need to evolve.

So what's your secret?

I started two of the biggest youth movements of the past half-century. I invented hipsters and I invented Proud Boys. I've pulled this off despite being fired from every – not job, but – career I've ever had. This works because we live in a free market society and here in the West, when you bust your ass, you succeed. No matter how retarded the pursuit is. Look at David Choe. He's worth US\$200 million because he didn't stop making art for one second of one day his entire life. Being a musician is equally idiotic, but I've seen so

What about Proud Boys?

This was quite different, but it's also the result of just relentless content creation. I've always been fanatical about pop culture. As a teenager, I would make punk mixtapes and trade them with other punks in Europe I met through the magazine *Maximumrockandroll*. Lots of so-called influencers were like that – pop culture nerds. Chuck D designed rap flyers. Morrissey was a music critic. Iggy Pop was a fanatical live music fan. Ludakriss was a local radio DJ.

With Proud Boys, there was a vacuum created by the death of men's clubs. From the Industrial Revolution to the 1980s, the Western world was a collection of men's clubs. They'd go there after work and shoot pool and shoot the shit and their wives were happy to get a moment of peace. These became the Oddfellows,

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OPINION



Unacceptable Cultural Stereotypes From Around The Globe

JUST A FEW OF THE THINGS YOU SHOULD NEVER SAY
OR EVEN THINK ABOUT PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT RACES.
BY JIM GOAD. ILLUSTRATIONS BY SPENCER



AS EVERYONE who knows the difference between good and evil knows, racism is evil and it's good to beat racists until their brains bleed out of their ears.

Whatawide, winsome, wispy, wonderful, beautiful, benevolent, carefree, empowered, sassy, soul-stirring, humanity-uniting sight it would be to see all racists dropped into the deep, dark Pacific Ocean and slowly chewed to death by a multicultural array of sadistic international sharks! Would you jerk off to all the blood and screams like I would? Of course you would! That's because you're a good person like I am, and part of our duty as good people is to cackle sadistically as all the bad people suffer unending torment at our unmerciful hands.

But the problem with racism, as anyone who's spent his life fighting racism like I have, is that once you put out one fire, you have to scurry over and stamp out three new fires. The shit NEVER dies. »»



Racist wildfires, induced by racial panics that are caused by racial stereotypes, have been spreading across the globe ever since different races started accidentally bumping into one another while hunting for grubs and tree bark approximately 23,000 years ago. Wherever there are different races, there is racial conflict. Coincidence? There's a simple reason that the races can't get along – that reason is called "racism." And racism wouldn't exist if it weren't for cruel racist stereotypes. Sure, depending on how they're expressed, these stereotypes can appear "cool" or "funny" – but make no mistake, they cause harm. Incalculable harm. Unquantifiable harm.

If you're one of the racial groups demeaned by the stereotypes below, it can do you actual, measurable, billable damage. If phrased cleverly enough and delivered with precisely the right cadence, a racial joke can hurt more than having your skull clubbed by a bat-wielding Somalian or your guts stabbed into ribbons by a recent Mexican arrival to the USA.

1. AFRICAN-AMERICANS

They invented popular music, big lips, designer sneakers and outer space. They communicate exclusively through rhymes, puzzle words and secret cryptographic messages embedded in their raucous laughter. They are bigger and stronger than you are, and if you dare to maintain eye contact with them for more than three seconds, they will put 400 years' worth of an ass-whuppin' on you. They were once slaves, and they will never forgive you for that. Even if you can never forgive yourself for that, either, they still will never forgive you. Give them everything you have, and they'll go a little easier than usual with the inevitable "rape and murder" voodoo thing that they do. If you suddenly find yourself surrounded by hostile African-American males, you can usually startle and disarm them by insulting their mothers. If you feel threatened by African-Americans in any way, jump in a nearby body of water (they can't swim). Famous African-Americans include the football player OJ Simpson and the murderer OJ Simpson.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Banjo Lips, Blacky Chan, Cocoa Puff, Cornelius, Pickaninny, Lawn Jockey, Duck Butter

2. AFRICANS (GENERIC)

These are the sad, hapless lumps o' coal who weren't fortunate enough to be captured by slave-drivers and transported to a better life in the USA, what with all

its hifalutin air conditioning and Starbucks and electrical rhythm machines. Instead they were stranded back in the Motherland, strung out along giant sand plains and thick jungles with no iPhones, no food, no water, and in some cases even no air. They sometimes feed themselves by trading slime back and forth in one another's mouth until one of them dies from starvation and the other one gets to eat the slime. They all have AIDS and they all keep giving it back and forth to each other. The only thing ever invented in sub-Saharan Africa was a method for tribesmen to keep a cow still so you can fuck it.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Tarbaby, Shvoogie, Mr. Bojangles, Moon Cricket, Kingfish, Eggplant, Bobblehead

3. ARABS

They invented the art of simultaneously raping and decapitating someone in God's name. To their credit, they also invented rape and decapitation – but they were also the first to combine the two. If you get raped, they'll cut off your head and call it justice. Some of them will even cut off your head WHILE raping you and call it justice. Their men are known for fucking young boys in the ass; every so often, one of these men gets angry and also decapitates the boy while ass-fucking him. Their so-called "God" is a real piece of work – angry, insecure, vengeful, sadistic, and always looking over his shoulder to see if people are talking shit about him.

Right now somewhere on this earth, there's a black man having sex with a white woman. Does this bother you? Even a little bit? It does, doesn't it? But why? Why should that bother you? Never mind the black man and white woman who are simply enjoying themselves – more importantly, what does it say about you that it obviously freaks you the fuck out? Have you ever asked yourself why you have trouble asking yourself the important questions? It's an important question to ask yourself, and I say that as a friend. I am not ready to call you an ally, however, due to your weird hang-ups about black men having sex with white women.

The world is changing, my friend. Demographically speaking, we've gone from monochrome to duochrome to full-blown Stage Four CMYK. Therefore, if you don't want to be justifiably beaten to death by a righteous mob of truncheon-wielding Oppressed Peoples, it is incumbent upon you to avoid speaking – and even thinking, but especially speaking – any of the stereotypes below in public anywhere on this planet.

The only thing they ever invented was hummus, which tastes like baby puke. They're all hairy and they smell. All of them. Even the babies. And even the hairy, smelly babies will rape you.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Sand Rat, Rock-Chucker, Jig-Abdul, Bomb-Builder, Boxcutter, Cave Negro, Diaper-Head, Dune Coon, Dusty Nuts

4. AMERICANS

Since I already covered the black ones and have a separate category for "Mexicans," what I mean by "Americans" are the white ones. You know them – they're the only group of people on the planet who are so stupid they've only mastered half a language – i.e., American English. Why are they so stupid? Because their brains are clogged with fat from eating barbecued pork chops and potato salad and potato chips and orange soda and dinner rolls and a half-gallon of ice cream for breakfast. They love their Bibles so much, they eat them, too. They are the world's mutts, the ugliest people in the galaxy, a banged-up mishmash of every sour peasant's face throughout history run through a blender and shat out the back of a McDonald's. If there's a God, tell me why did he put Americans in charge of the world?

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Yankee, Yanqui, Hick, People of Walmart, Redneck, Great Satan, Americoon

5. ASIANS

There are currently over four billion Asians on Earth right now, which means that collectively, Asians are a little over 16 billion feet tall. Yes, they're smart – you can tell just by looking down at their faces – but never has a group been so smart while acting so stupid. Have you ever seen a big group of Asians try to dance? Have you seen them attempt to sing karaoke, that “art form” they presumably invented? Have you ever watched an Asian man trying to be sexy? Why do they drive like that? Why do they talk that way? Why can't they pronounce “fried rice” properly? Did these so-called “super-geniuses” ever stop to consider whether rice stunts your growth? If they're so smart, why can't they get their eyes all the way open? They are the world's original nerds. And one day soon, they will own everything. Or at least they'll share it with the Jews.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Slope, Banana, Chineese, Chinko, Dr. Chinkenstein, Ricebreath, Chinkerbell, Dog-Muncher, Gink, Slant, Pineapple Lump, Fishhead

6. JEWS

The sneakiest snakes in the world. Bitter at the Old Testament God that gave them those noses, they not only own everything, they also control it, too, which is even worse. They even control robots that control the money that controls the media that controls the government. In case you were wondering, yes, the robots themselves are also Jewish. These viperous money-lenders plan, at some point over the next six years, to render us all sterile, drugged beasts of burden for their Supranational Zionist Leisure State. They hate us more than we hate them, and if you disagree, you're an anti-Semite. I'm warning you not to say bad things about them, because Heebs can be extremely touchy. Just ask Hitler.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Hymie, Murray, Benny, Shecky, Jerry, Gerry, Melvin, Hyman, Herman, Sheldon

7. CANADIANS

When was the last time you thought about Canadians? Unless you're Canadian, it's been a while, right? Canada is so boring,

even Canadians go for long stretches desperately trying to think of anything else. Canada has fewer people than California and more land than the USA, but what do Canucks have to show for it? Syrup? Hockey pucks? Ice? The sad fact, which all Canadians know but try to hide through relentless moral anti-American posturing, is that all Canadians have ever given the world is a white-hot, player-hating resentment for the much more glamorous and powerful country that shines directly to their south. If anyone from Canada gets famous, they immediately do the smart thing and move out of Canada. The dumb ones stay and pretend to have national pride, but that's because no one else wants them.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Rubberhead, Canucklehead, Ice Person of Color, Moosefucker, Americans

8. ESKIMOS

Imagine sitting on all that ice for all that time and not coming up with a single idea. They live close to the North Pole and have an intimate knowledge of nature; for example, they have a love and respect for the migratory patterns of cold-water whales that borders on the lascivious. They can distinguish between different types of whale blubber merely by smelling it – they don't even need to keep their eyes open. They are as fat as polar bears and are always slipping and sliding on the ice. No other ethnic group in the world can come up with the “ice sandwich” – a small slab of ice between two other slabs of ice – and call it an invention, much less their only one. Recent tests show that their DNA contains about 1.3% pure Abominable Snowman and trace elements of sea lion.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Snow Chink, Pie Face, Arctic Whale, Blubberbutt, Iglunatic

9. EUROPEANS

These knobby-kneed, thin-haired, milk-coloured albino demons once ruled the world through sheer cunning, spite, ill will, dastardliness, derring-do, and a fair share of technology. These dumbfucks were lured out of the caves by some “Bible” from the Middle East and have been worshipping the Jew God ever since, at

least when they're not killing Jews. They decided to conquer the world (which was smart) and then apologise (which was dumb). They've spent the better part of the last century engaged in fratricidal wars and then inviting strangers in to replace their dead brothers. They are the only race in world history that has ever felt righteous about being driven extinct. At one time, they were simply arrogant – but now they've gone and blown it all to hell by being arrogant about the fact that they're no longer arrogant. I give them 10 years tops before they're all dead or enslaved. Then again, maybe they could rule the world again in 10 years. That'd be hilarious!

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Eurinal, Eurotrash, Nazi, Hitler, KKK, Mayonnaise Monkey, Undisputed Losers of Both World Wars

10. HALF-BREEDS

Is there a sadder soul on this sick sphere than the poor mixed-race baby who is born knowing that he or she will never be loved by either side and that they will thus be plunged into a shadow world of despair, rampant drug use, flippant behaviour, traffic tickets, and self-harm? Haunted by ghosts of duelling races, the mixed baby is not two races... neither can they choose one race and suddenly become it... instead, they are no race at all. They are not greater than the sum of their parts; they are one part subtracted from the other, leaving zero. This is why they turn to heroin and TV dinners and bisexuality and telemarketing schemes. I hate to be the one to break it to them, but they are truly the children of the Devil. And I say that as a guy who doesn't even believe in the Devil, so that should tell you something.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Blaxican, Bumblebee, Caublasian, Chex Mex, Chinegro, Spanegro, Chinkaboo, Jewrab, Cookies 'n' Cream, Tragic Mulatto

11. GYPSIES

This hideous roving ragtag gaggle of tapir-faced monsters with haunted eyes has been an infected thorn in much of the Clean World's side for centuries now. As the story goes, they were kicked out of India for being even dirtier than the Indians. Then



they picked pockets and raped women all the way into Europe, spreading faeces and disease and chaos and disrespectful behaviour wherever they decided to hang their funny little flea-bitten fishermen's hats. Still, these vagabonds who usually can't even predict where their next meal is coming from have hoodwinked Europeans for years by pretending that they can tell the future. There's something admirable about that. But don't ever find yourself in a situation where you are surrounded by Gypsies. Even the children will rape you.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Fragrant, Honest, Industrious, Intelligent, Talented

12. INDIANS (DOT)

Their smart people make our smart people look stupid, but does it really matter if you can fix a computer and win a spelling bee if you're that unattractive? I've seen underwear skid marks that are handsomer than your average dotheaded dude. And that country of theirs is one of the world's biggest open-air toilets. Huddled together on a humid, tempestuous subcontinent, 1.3 billion Indians sweat and stink and shit and piss and offer orange peels to tiny, bite-sized elephant gods. Women set their entire bodies ablaze at the beginning of every Hindu marriage ceremony, and upon reaching age 50, every Hindu male is required to sacrifice both testicles to appease Shiva. At any given moment, Indians can produce more body odour than the rest of the planet combined. If you've never believed anything else I've ever told you, believe that body odour is a weapon that they will one day use against us.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Babu, Curry-Muncher, Buttonhead, Wog, Slurpee Jockey, Mangosteen

13. INDIANS (FEATHER)

Even though they were too stupid to invent the freaking wheel or an alphabet or a simple modest T-shirt, these proud and noble topless warriors once ruled the North American continent, kicking ass and taking scalps until the evil, pale-faced white man came with his stupid technology and gave them all free casinos. Before the white man arrived and taught

them – well, tried to teach them – how to act like human beings, American Indians did a lot of work with corn. They grew corn. Sometimes, if one of the tribesmen was in touch with the Great Fire God, they'd even roast and eat corn. Often they'd do decorative things with corn. They'd save certain commemorative cobs as family heirlooms and heartwarming mementoes. Lotta corn work with these Injuns. A very corn-focused people, they were back in the day. It's a pity they didn't know the first thing about firearms.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Alcoholic

14. MEXICANS

Ultra-fertile car thieves and insurance swindlers who pray to snakes and the Virgin Mary to help them achieve full-blood vengeance against the gringo ghosts who pillaged their land and made them realise, for the first time in their millennia of tribal history, how truly short they were compared to other tribes. Drunk on Napoleonic rage, they've stormed America to put bedbugs in our motel rooms and faeces in our salads and PCP in our school lunches. Your average Mexican male will sire 12 children and kill 12 people in his lifetime. Your average Mexican woman, stuck in a patriarchal culture, will make less than \$10 for turning her first trick. It is a scientific fact that each extended Mexican family numbers roughly 125 million people, one

of whom will be stealing your hubcaps one day sooner than you think.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Jumping Bean, Mexcrement, Anchor Baby, Dirty Sanchez, Four-Footer, Spicaninny

15. POLYNESIANS

With all those giant people living on those tiny South Pacific islands, isn't there ever a risk that the islands could capsize? Pacific Islanders are some of the fattest and most primitive people on earth, which is quite a feat when you think about it, because primitive people tend to be more svelte. Speaking of primitive, does it get more tropically backward than grass skirts? And why are their men – these hulking, 400-pound buffalos – wearing skirts, anyway? They couldn't make grass slacks? Then you put war paint on your faces and shake your chubby asses around and don't expect us to think you're a joke? Think again, Pineapple Joe.

Words you should NEVER use to describe them: Big Fat Pig, Giant Obese Brown Person, Head Hunter, Polynitwit, Lava Lamp

Special Note: As stated in the introductory comments, this is a list of horrible stereotypes that you should NOT ever use. If you can manage it, we would prefer if you never even THOUGHT of them again. ❶



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MELBOURNE: MUSIC CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

The Australian music scene is the best it's been since the 70s. By Gavin McInnes

THEY say write what you know, and I don't know shit about Australian punk, but I know what I like and from this outsider's perspective, you guys appear to be having a massive surge in great music – the likes of which I haven't seen since punk began in the late 70s.

Back then, Australia was ahead of the curve with Glaswegian expats AC/DC setting the tone back in 1973. A year later, we had critic's choice Radio Birdman who were likely influenced more by The Stooges than Angus Young. That same year, Brisbane's The Saints blew everyone's mind with "I'm Stranded" and Australia had a steady plonking of aggressive bands like Melbourne's Cosmic Psychos, Sydney's X, The Celibate Rifles ("Jesus on TV") and possibly the spookiest band of all time, The Birthday Party starring Nick Cave (try to listen to "Deep in the Woods" and not poop your pants). Then, I'm sorry, but outside of the Hard Ons in the early 80s, things appeared to die down. Were you guys all into shoe-gazing and raves or some shit? Did you run out of speed? Where did

everybody go?

Well, whatever caused the slump, it's over. I cannot *believe* the intense superiority of bands down there in the past five years. There's an old skinhead in London named BennyF who devotes hours and hours to Australia's punk scene on a show called Cutter's Choice, and the new bands he turns me on to are virtually endless. My ears were

Are amphetamines free there all of a sudden? It's a fucking punk Renaissance! Victoria's capital city has the Drunk Mums ("Eventual Ghost"), Jurassic Nark ("Ain't Lookin Pretty"), Amyl and the Sniffers, Dumb Punts (new album coming soon), Mini Skirt, Cable Ties, Brad Pot, Mesa Cosa and a bunch of beach bums called Eddy Current Suppression Ring who I'm especially

MELBOURNE IS A WHOLE OTHER STORY. IT'S BLOWING UP LIKE HIROSHIMA AND NAGASAKI COMBINED. ARE AMPHETAMINES FREE THERE ALL OF A SUDDEN?

first pricked by The Chats awesome smoke break anthem "Smoko" a couple of years ago, but they're just the tip of the iceberg. It's like New York City in the late 70s, or, well, *Australia* in the late 70s. Brisbane has Dune Rats ("Bullshit"), New South Wales has Los Scallywags, Sydney has Pist Idiots (new album *Princes* is mental), Perth has Hideous Sun Demon, but Melbourne is a whole other story. It's blowing up like Hiroshima and Nagasaki combined.

partial to because they say "The West is the best" in their song, "Which Way to Go," which is a dangerous thing to say these days even though the West is inarguably the best.

I'm sorry if I've forgotten anyone but I don't think it matters. If there is *anyone* playing a live show *anywhere* in Australia these days the odds are very high you are going to see a Radio Birdman level of quality – and we haven't seen that in almost half a century. ❶



PROUD BOYS.

PROUD BOYS INVADE AUSTRALIA!



What exactly does this group of “proud Western chauvinists” stand for? By Gavin McInnes

PROUD Boys is a men’s club started by yours truly in 2016. It is like the Elk’s Lodge or the Shriners or the Knights of Columbus, but where the Knights focus on Christ and charity, the Boys focus on beer.

There are three basic rules for this club: no women, no Nazis, and you must concede that the West is the best. That’s it. There are a few degrees (including beat-ins, tattoos and jail), but all you have to do for entry-level is declare, “I’m a proud Western chauvinist and I refuse to apologise for creating the modern world.” The PC-left hates it, and I can’t help but think it’s because they built their entire existence on shame. It’s their education, their music and their culture. According to them, patriots may exist in their own countries as long as they are constantly apologising for their existence and trying to make amends. Well, we tried that, and it didn’t work. Not only are we not ashamed of the greatest culture on earth, we’re proud of it. Politics and history are not a big part of this club, however. It’s mostly just dudes hanging out, but the leftist media wears “Not-See” glasses and envision the Fourth Reich looming around every corner.

What a sad existence that must be.

Men’s clubs were normal throughout all of the Western world from the Industrial Revolution to the 1980s. Then, feminists decided congregating men is a sexist concept so they were promptly disbanded and men went to strip clubs to get away from their wives (what a bunch of pussies, by the way. Who lets a mob of screaming Sheilas tell you who you can hang out with?).

Australia has been well-established since the day we started this club and now approaches 1,000 members coast-to-coast. I can’t help but think it’s because this gigantic island is the last bastion of masculinity in the Western world. Men being men isn’t just an Australian trait. It’s what built the country. And yes, there are some shameful parts of this country’s past. As Pat Buchanan says, “Our treatment of the Indians was not what one should have expected of people to whom the Sermon on the Mount was divine command.” However, the shame elements of our history have been well-covered. We got it. Time to move on. As Buchanan adds, “The time for apologies is passed.” We have assembled the most

egalitarian societies on Earth. Let’s enjoy them.

Australia has nine chapters and New Zealand has six (North Auckland, East Coast, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin). There is no boss, no central command, and if you want to join, well, figure it out. Newcastle, Wagga Wagga, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane, Gold Coast and Tasmania grew organically very fast but it was nothing compared to highly liberal cities such as Sydney and Melbourne. The same is true of New Zealand. They’ve got a trans male weightlifter there called a woman and a Prime Minister who loves refugees. Men in places like these are like a pressure cooker, and that’s why this club thrives. San Francisco, Los Angeles, Berkeley and Portland are some of the Proud Boys biggest chapters, and they are also cities where openly loving Trump will get you fired. Guys want to be guys, especially in places they’re told they can’t.

You will likely hear a lot of lies about this club and its members. You will be told absurdities like, “Black people

YOU WILL BE TOLD ABSURDITIES LIKE, “BLACK PEOPLE CAN BE WHITE SUPREMACISTS TOO” AND “THEY’RE ALL NAZIS, INCLUDING PROUD BOYS ISRAEL.”

can be white supremacists too” and “They’re all Nazis, including Proud Boys Israel.” They say we’re violent when we go to a rally, unarmed and defend ourselves from rabid antifa lunatics trying to kill us. They say we organised Charlottesville and “Western” is code for “white.” It’s all lies and it’s the same lies that got men’s clubs abolished in the 80s. The difference is, this time, we’re not kowtowing to a bunch of blue-haired lesbians who think all men are rapists and menstruation is a political statement. As The Wild Angels said back in 1966, “We wanna get loaded and we wanna have a good time. And that’s what we’re gonna do. We’re gonna have a good time. We’re gonna have a party and we’re gonna get loaded.”

For more on Proud Boys check out the SBS Dateline documentary *Defending Gender*. 

DO'Z AND DONT'Z



DO: One woman spends hours getting ready while another throws on workout clothes and sucks on something that sort of looks like a dick. Guess who gets a date first.



DO: There are some looks where you're about to tear into a guy and he goes, "Wait, I'm gay" and then you're like, "Oh, I'm sorry. Cool pants."



DO: I know it seems gay to want to marry women who are good at fashion, but she's going to get old one day and soon clothes will be the only pretty thing about her.



DO: Seeing a woman in jeans like these makes you want to hold up your finger and say, "Check please" but "ass" instead of "check."



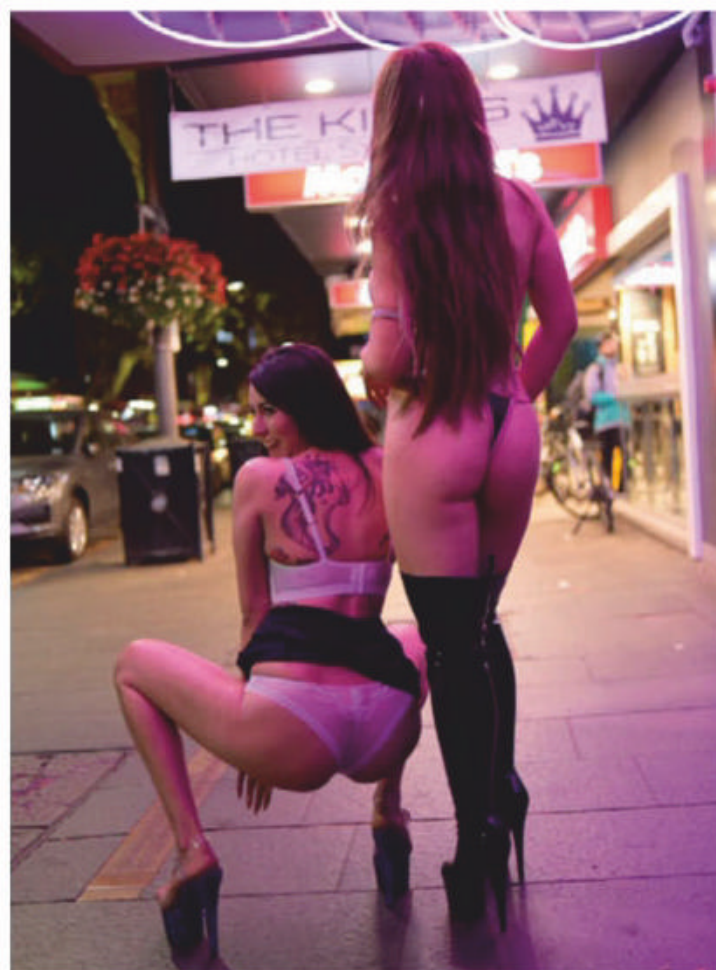
DO: This is a level of intensity where, if she has a sense of humour about herself, put a ring on it, but if she writes a sex advice column, RUN.



DO: Women are lazy but that's why we love them.



DO: Gays aren't interested because he's dressed like a chick. Guys aren't interested because it's a dude. That leaves... his dad crying on the kitchen floor.



DO: No offence gays, but are you fucking blind?

DO'Z AND DONT'Z



DO: I'm not a fan of men who abandon their family, but as far as looks goes, "Deadbeat Dad" is a keeper.



DO: This guy looks like a rapist billionaire, and it would be worth it.



DO: A lot of the times I see gays, I can't help but think, "Their poor arses."



DO: Did this guy find seven different people lying on the road and just smush them all together to make one dude?



DO: No matter which one you choose, you'll always wonder what it would be like if you chose the other. So, fuck them both, and you'll likely never see them again.



DON'T: You can't wear a band on your shirt after 30 because we no longer care what you like, and judging by your off-road skateboard, we're right.



DON'T: If cavemen ever figure out time travel they're going to get here and be all, "That's it? Pants?"



DON'T: Looks like Rip Van Winkle fell asleep in a mosh pit.

DO'Z AND DONT'Z



DON'T: Russian immigrants look like someone threw a bunch of magazines in a blender.



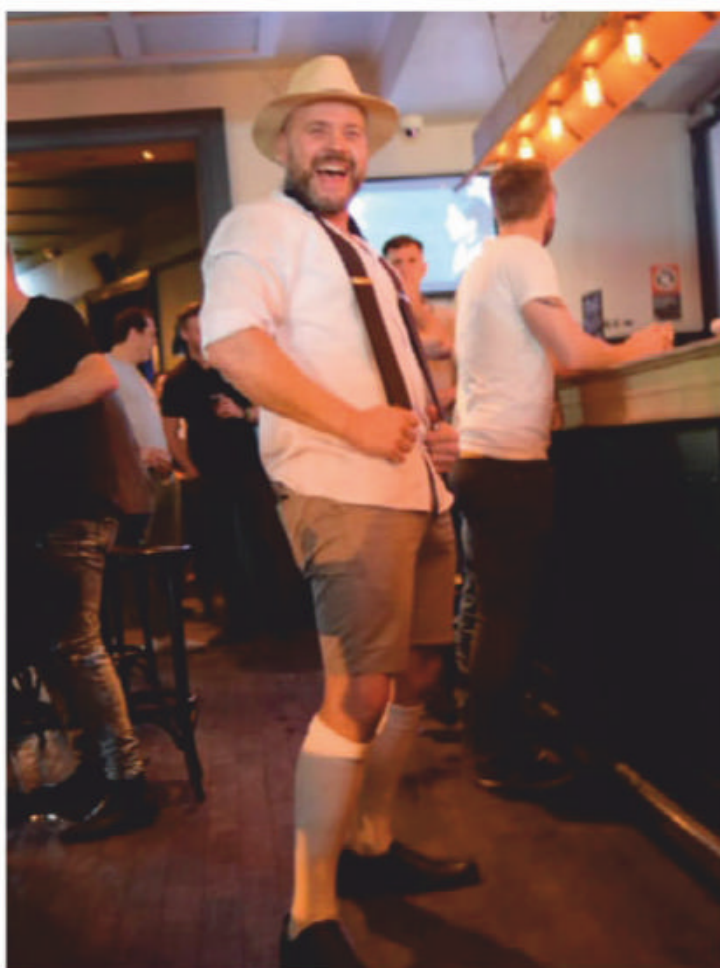
DON'T: Dressing up as a little kid is a great way to seduce paedophiles with an old fetish.



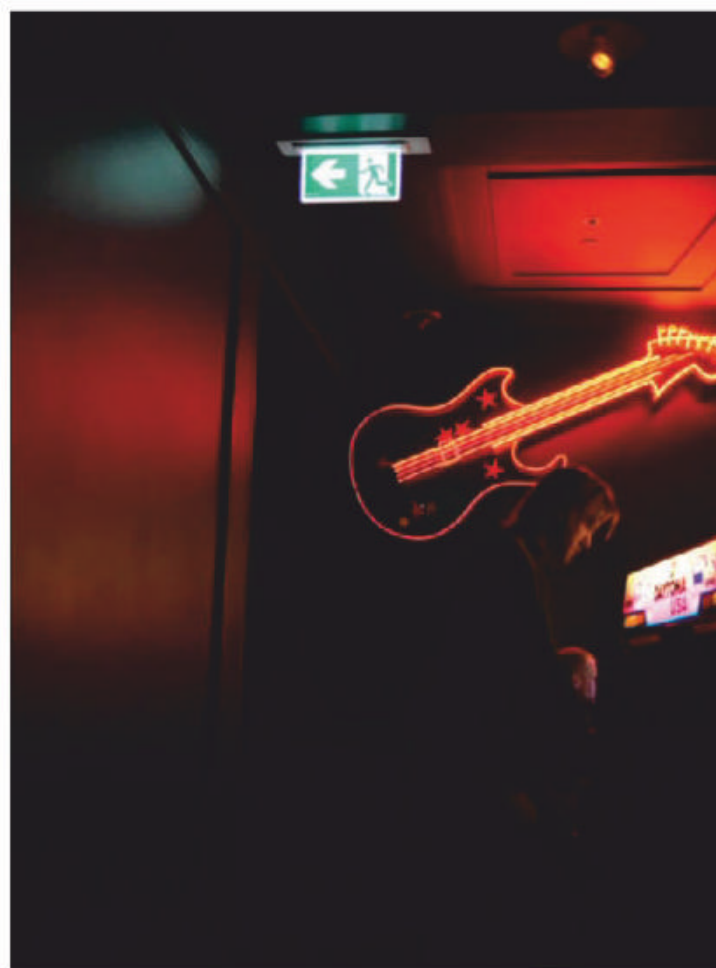
DON'T: Barf safari.



DON'T: Men have reached a level of personal comfort where I can't tell if they're at a sleepover or not.



DON'T: Why are you guys using suspenders to hold your shorts up when it's your thumbs that keep falling down?



DON'T: Don't go out if you just got dumped.



DON'T: The only thing that annoys me more than grown men playing video games is when the games are so easy to do in real life. You know there are cars, right?



DON'T: Germans have to be photographed with visible minorities every three hours or they turn into a pumpkin.

FEATURE SHOOT

**JUST
ANOTHER
STUPID
PORN STAR**

**A FRIVOLOUS DISCUSSION WITH
THE CHICK FROM THIS SHOOT**

PHOTOGRAPHER
NIGEL DICTATOR

MODEL
MERCEDES CARRERA

INTERVIEW
GAVIN MCINNES





MERCEDES Carrera is an LA porn star that has a million adult films under her belt, none of which I can bear looking at because she's my friend, and it's really weird seeing your friend get nailed by a stranger. She stumbled into porn because she's hot and has Asperger's, and it pays better than all the jobs her esteemed education was bringing her. Also, she likes to fuck a lot. Carrera was always a nerd, but she was also a model who enjoyed the company of men. This is why she chose engineering, and it's ultimately why she moved to porn.

The result is a naked intellectual in high heels who could suck a golf ball through a garden hose while simultaneously debating Christopher Hitchens and Thomas Sowell. The following is me talking to her after the cover shoot.

I'm not a porn guy so the first time I heard of you was on YouTube where you were railing against feminists for not having your friend's back. Apparently, another porn star was home invaded and gang-raped and feminists ignored it because she's a slut and probably deserved it?

You're talking about the horrible gang rape of Cytherea, who's a legend in the porn industry. Three thugs broke into her home while she and her family were sleeping, sexually assaulted her and stole some stuff. At that time, GamerGate was in full swing and social justice feminists were seeing "manspreading" everywhere and using supposed "toxic masculinity" (which I don't even think exists) as a reason for their hysteria and psychosis. Since they say female safety is their top priority, you'd think the feminists would have been all over Cytherea's story. Instead they ignored it and ignored my pleas for help for her, mostly because they think porn actresses welcome the "male gaze". So, according to them, we are the instigators of toxic masculinity. That's typical of social justice feminists. When a real rape occurs (to a sex worker, in the middle of the night, in her home, with her husband and young children present) it was just too inconvenient for them to help. She's not "the right kind of woman" in need.

It's amazing how quick they are to become exactly what they say they hate. It's like when pro-gay liberals keep depicting Trump and Putin having sex, like being gay is some kind of horrible insult.

Yes, or like the fact that SJW feminists claim the most horrible event that can

possibly occur is rape, yet many are okay with trivialising sexual assault with terms like "fart rape", or that many of these anti-western social justice warriors live alternative lifestyles that would have them executed and thrown off buildings if they were to live in countries under Sharia law. They insist on supporting open borders and un-vetted immigration at a time when Western liberty is increasingly threatened by radical Islam.

Another major hypocrisy of the social justice left is their complete and total disregard for fathers as parents. The men's rights movement formed as a result of the unfair and one-sided family court system that has been corrupted by an unrelenting assault on men, especially those who would like to be involved in their children's lives. The feminists say men should be more involved in raising their kids, but the family court system overwhelmingly takes the side of the female parent, even when the father is a good man. Many good men have been ruined and even driven to suicide out of the sadness they feel after being separated from their kids. If feminists care

rejected the accuser can be destroyed in the process. Hell hath no fury, as they say.

Usually, in men's magazines, you talk to the model and ask her what her favourite date is and she says she likes long walks on the beach, but you often blow my mind with crazy concepts I'd never even thought of before. What was that thing you said about how we shouldn't have brought infrastructure and medicine to India because it boosted their population before it was ready to be boosted?

What I actually said was that societies socially, culturally and legally evolve in tandem with technologies invented. So like, for example, "free speech" as a concept was not contested until the invention of the printing press. Once common people had the technological ability to disseminate ideas and concepts in printed form, the ruling classes of the day were quick to attempt to control all means of printed communication. So, the legal protection of free speech had more to do with ideas being spread by common people in print than speech itself. If you apply this concept to resource management, it gets

"ANOTHER MAJOR HYPOCRISY OF THE SOCIAL JUSTICE LEFT IS THEIR COMPLETE AND TOTAL DISREGARD FOR FATHERS AS PARENTS."

for the wellbeing of children, they should be lobbying for more visitation and custodial responsibility, not less. The impact of fathers can't be underestimated, not to mention how well people function as adults after being raised with a strong father.

The feminist lobby also has a wanton disregard for equality and the wellbeing of men as a whole, to the point where it almost seems like most have some kind of vendetta. For example, the case of Malik St. Hilaire of Sacred Heart University. He's a talented young athlete who was dismissed from his full scholarship due to some crazy chick's false rape allegations. His future football career was destroyed because some nut wanted attention. Many feminists only believe rape to be a serious topic when it is of benefit to their agenda. Perjury on the witness stand is an acceptable form of retribution in feminist circles these days, especially when an alpha who (probably)

more severe. When a first world country deploys technology to third world nations that do not have the social and cultural structure to properly assimilate and utilise the technology, it's not surprising it backfires. Unsustainable explosions in population growth due to excessive food aid is a common unintended result, as are devastating wars and conflicts due to irresponsible use of military technologies purchased from more technologically advanced nations. It is critical for a culture to have the legal structures in place to handle such quick social changes, or the ability to evolve quickly at least, when the technology assimilated is far beyond the current level of technological progress of the native population.

Regarding India, what I was referencing was that the British East India Trading company had far-reaching implications with the native populations due to

the importation of technological infrastructure. Colonialism ultimately brought Western technology (a lot of it was medical tech, but also public systems such as water and transport) into a society where it's the norm to have large families and that resulted in unsustainable population growth. So, overall the exposure to Western technology has been good for the world in terms of reproductive success and life expectancy, but there are lots of negative consequences as well, like overpopulation.

That's fascinating because the narrative is "colonialism spoils places" as in "ruins them" not "turns them into spoiled brats". Now, before everyone calls you racist. What's your ethnic background?

My mom's family is mestizo Puerto Rican, and my father's family are of Native American and Swedish origin.

Your father was a very influential figure in your life. What did he teach you?

My father was a brilliant technologist and engineer and a wonderful dad. He'd been in the army during Vietnam and later worked in aerospace designing hydraulics systems. I was lucky to be the eldest and spent a lot of time in machine shops and garages helping him with projects. My dad was quite the marksman, and by the age of eight I went with him to the rifle range regularly. It was a great experience in my life to have been raised by a father who spent so much time with me and who taught me many valuable things at a young age. We often played chess, discussed World War II (his area of expertise) and philosophy. We worked on a variety of projects together, including rebuilding the engine on my first car. I was very lucky to have a great relationship with my father, and I think it shaped my view of men as a whole.

Are you armed?

Yes, very well. My daily carry is a Sig Sauer P239. I have several old rifles that had been my father's (one 30.06 and one 22), a shotgun, an AR15 and recently my husband and I have taken up sport shooting as a hobby using a Barrett M82A1 sniper rifle.

Maybe if Cytherea had been armed she would have been able to protect herself. That's another left-wing hypocrisy. They want to empower women but they don't want anyone to have guns. I guess we need to just focus on "teaching men not to rape".

Unfortunately, the reality of the world and human nature is that the only way to fend off force is with equal or greater force. These days, a lot of people act like being

suicidal self-hating betas is the "right thing" or the "moral thing", but the reality is that humans are dangerous, and that's why force is necessary sometimes. One of my favourite YouTube commentators, Redonkulas Popp, says, "You may not believe in violence, but violence believes in you." Or, Machiavelli has a great passage in *The Prince* in the chapter about whether it is better to be feared or loved. Something about choosing between being feared or loved- [Mercedes later sent this quote. - Ed.]

"It may be answered that one should wish to be both, but, because it is difficult to unite them in one person, is much safer to be feared than loved, when, of the two, either must be dispensed with. Because this is to be asserted in general of men, that they are ungrateful, fickle, false, cowardly, covetous, and as long as you succeed they are yours entirely; they will offer you their blood, property, life and children, as is said above, when the need is far distant; but when it approaches they turn against you... for love is preserved by the link of obligation which, owing to the baseness of men, is broken at every opportunity for

the chemical estrogen in the water and food supply killing masculinity. You told me I should be injecting testosterone.

The invention of the pill, which was supposed to bring about sexual revolution and freedom, has had an unintended consequence. The mechanism by which hormonal contraceptives work is pretty simple - the hormones in the pill mimic the first trimester of pregnancy and stop ovulation. When the female body is in the first trimester of pregnancy, it becomes extremely self-protective (especially against rape, as a way to keep the new but delicate embryo safe) and the pheromone structure of the body changes, as well as its perception of the pheromones of those around them. Studies show women on the pill are more attracted to mates with similar MHC genes, AKA safe males, AKA her brother. The same women show an attraction to mates with dissimilar MHC genes when not using hormonal contraceptives AKA, not her brother. The problem is that choosing a mate with different MHC gene would produce arguably stronger offspring as a whole, so

"MY DAD WAS QUITE THE MARKSMAN, AND BY THE AGE OF EIGHT I WENT WITH HIM TO THE RIFLE RANGE REGULARLY."

their advantage; but fear preserves you by a dread of punishment which never fails."

The other stupidity in the SJW left is that they think all police are the bad guys but that only the police should be armed. For the record, I like the police and most cops I know don't want innocent and law-abiding citizens to be disarmed. Actually, most cops would prefer people are armed, but most cops aren't left wingers. One of my favourite old sayings is "God created men and Sam Colt made them equal!" The reality is the only way a woman can fend off the force of most men is with a firearm. Social justice warriors and third wave feminists these days live in a false reality due to their completely irrational perception of the world around them, which I'm starting to believe is due to hormones.

That reminds me of another mind-blower. You're convinced estrogen is the biggest problem with society, like, literally

basically, the hormones are causing women to pick men they normally wouldn't be attracted to - pussies.

So, given all these hormonal contraceptives in college-aged women (especially the feminazi-SJW type), I'm starting to wonder if their nonsensical hysteria about rape and supposed "toxic masculinity" is due to a chemical imbalance from the pill. A lot of these young women even claim to be heterosexual yet seem repulsed by anything masculine. A society that has sterilised its most fertile women with hormones shouldn't be surprised when not only the women, whose femininity and biological drive to want to make babies have been stolen from them one pill at a time are affected, but also the young men.

When a leading primatologist, Lionel Tiger, injected the "favourite" females of a tribe of macaque monkeys he was studying with Depo-Provera, the alpha male rejected



them. When all females were injected, the alpha “Austin” went completely insane.

Depo-Provera, by the way, is a commonly prescribed injectable hormonal contraceptive, and it’s absolutely horrible. It made me sick, fat and angry the one time I took it in 2004. It also is used for chemical castration of sex offenders. Kinda scary they dose women with this stuff and don’t tell them. Many hormonal contraceptives are pretty dangerous to the health of humans actually, which is why there are so many class action lawsuits around them.

Also, hormonal contraceptives and industrial solvents and many other pollutants are attributed to an excess of estrogens in the waterways and food supply. Excessive estrogen tends to make humans sick – cancers specifically – as well as loss of sex drive and sperm count in men. Testosterone is the hormone most responsible for sexual desire, which is why men usually have higher sex drives than women. However, most people don’t know that a healthy woman should have 10 times as much naturally occurring testosterone in her body as estrogen. Hormonal

magical world where they can fuck you.

Pornography has always existed in humanity, from the first cave drawings of penises to the frescoes of Pompeii. The desire to watch people fuck is innate in humans, and it’s not a surprise. Humans are still wired like our caveman ancestors, who lived in tribes and saw other humans fornicate without shame. A good read on this subject is *Sex at Dawn*. What I think you’re referencing in your question is the current trend of young men choosing porn over relationships. Given the current social climate on college campuses (due to feminist hysteria mostly) it’s no surprise that porn is so popular. One reason, of course, is the availability of online porn, but I think the bigger reason is that many men are in a no-win scenario. If they date a woman and it doesn’t go well, they stand to risk their entire future when that woman makes an allegation of rape or abuse. Currently, we are witnessing weaponised rape allegations against a man nominated for the Supreme Court of the United States of America as a way to derail his confirmation. Why did that woman

in a sexless marriage with a woman who knows she has the upper hand in divorce court and can therefore be as unkempt, unpleasant and sexually prude as she and the feminist media want her to be. Also, refer back to what we were just talking about with hormones; women are just as much to blame for divorce rates as men, actually more so since more women file for divorce than men, so it’s unfair to blame porn for marriage failure. Porn is just providing an outlet to human males who desire sex but are inculcated in a culture where men are always assumed to be guilty of rape by default by women who are chemically insane.

Well, I also think it gives the brains rewards they don’t deserve. The cerebral cortex feels you banging all these women and assumes you’re Genghis Khan. It rewards you with endorphins so you’ll keep conquering. Same with video games such as *Call of Duty*. You keep saving your mates and your brain thinks you’re a war hero. Eventually, the frontal lobe realises it’s all lies, and the whole thing comes crashing down.

One reason that men are great is your desire to win, triumph and succeed. Our whole civilisation is built on the backs of men who conquered and won, and in order to make great gains, you’ve gotta make small ones regularly. The normal young guy these days who is virile and motivated but sexually rejected regularly by crazy feminist women who think “fart rape” really exists has to get his triumphs anyway he can, for his own mental stability at the very least. Success makes for success and without pornography many college-aged men wouldn’t even know what a woman who likes men and penis actually looks like. That’s why the shrews in the feminist lobby want to silence women like me who actually enjoy sex, men and dick pics. Also, you are aware *Penthouse* is an adult publication?

Ha! True, but I see a difference here. This is more about admiring the beauty of women. I don’t really see a lot of these readers rubbing one out to this magazine. It’s more like decorating a magazine with some pretty girls in the background. At any rate, decorating this magazine with you is one of the best decisions I’ve ever made. I couldn’t believe how hot you looked during the shoot. I wanted to rape you.

Oh Gavin, it’s not possible to rape the willing. I like you more than a friend. ①

“PORNOGRAPHY HAS ALWAYS EXISTED IN HUMANITY, FROM THE FIRST CAVE DRAWINGS OF PENISES TO THE FRESCOES OF POMPEII.”

contraceptives lower testosterone to extremely low levels in women, which would only be seen in nature during the first trimester of pregnancy. These days the pill or other hormonal contraceptives are easy to get on most college campuses, to the point where women think they are a human right. No wonder these 20-something women are acting like scared, dried up old shrews who are terrified of men and – gasp! – penises. Their hormones have rendered them sterile, and our civilisation is next if we keep allowing them to steer public policy.

I see your point, but another thing I think is really bad for society, in general, is porn. I think it keeps young men docile and unwilling to go out and fight for pussy, and I think it ruins marriages by always giving married men another option. Being put in the doghouse by your wife used to be a big deal. Now, men just shrug and go to a

wait so long to make these allegations? The guy in question has been successful for years, so it’s obviously not like she couldn’t find him. What we do know is the accuser was affiliated with the loser in the last national election, whose feminist rhetoric wasn’t compelling enough to win her the presidency and probably hurt her bid overall, fortunately.

It’s no wonder that college-aged guys, who still are human and want to have sex but are now scared of women due to feminist hysteria, are choosing porn over relationships. As for married men who use porn without their wives’ approval, many are just terrified to have to go to divorce court and possibly lose the ability to see their children. So, instead of divorcing a woman who will financially take them to the cleaners and strip them of their wealth, family and dignity, they turn to pornography to take the edge off of living

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MALE FEMINISM IS THE DEATH OF ROMANCE

FEMINISTS HAVE RUINED DATING, BUT THE BEST DEFENCE IS NOT, "IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM." BY DAISY COUSENS

THERE'S nothing more magical than spring. The mornings grow warmer, and the soft nudge of a gentle sea-breeze brings the promise of swimming and summer. It's also, not surprisingly, the most romantic time of year. Whether it's romance or hedonism, spring is the perfect time to pursue one, the other, or both.

If you're a single guy and you're looking for love, I'm sorry to disappoint, but you're less likely to find your paramour in the warmer months than in the autumn and winter cold snap. Cuffing season is over; it will be several months before it's chilly enough for women to look for another snuggle buddy to "cuff" themselves to. However, if you're happy to settle for a fleeting but fabulous three-month fling, or you're on the market for casual encounters without the sloppiness of sweaty summer, then spring is the season for you.

But here's the problem. To attract a lady in the past, a guy simply did the usual sweetly chivalrous things like treat her to dinner, open doors for her, compliment her appearance; all the instinctual things people do when trying to make

Is it time to stop ducking from the hashtags they brandish and start meekly brandishing a few of your own? Is it, just maybe, the correct moment to stop attempting to calmly explain to your brother's feminist wife just why the gender pay gap is a myth? Perhaps instead, you should bite the ideological bullet, and call yourself a "male feminist"?

Well, the answer to that question is – quite simply – NO! For the love of God, no! Get it!? NO!

Pardon my rather strong reaction, but I really must insist. I know it seems sensible to adopt an "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" attitude. Downing soy milk and wearing T-shirts that say, "This is what a feminist looks like", while attending Gender Studies classes looks a helluva lot easier than risking denigration at the hands of harpies again and again. But don't. Just don't. For nobody's sake but your own.

Capitulating to the feminist narrative is not going to get you anywhere, because the women you will attract despise men as a rule. The type of "ladies" you are presenting yourself to are not the smart, sweet, well-rounded women your mother

CAPITULATING TO THE FEMINIST NARRATIVE IS NOT GOING TO GET YOU ANYWHERE, BECAUSE THE WOMEN YOU WILL ATTRACT DESPISE MEN AS A RULE.

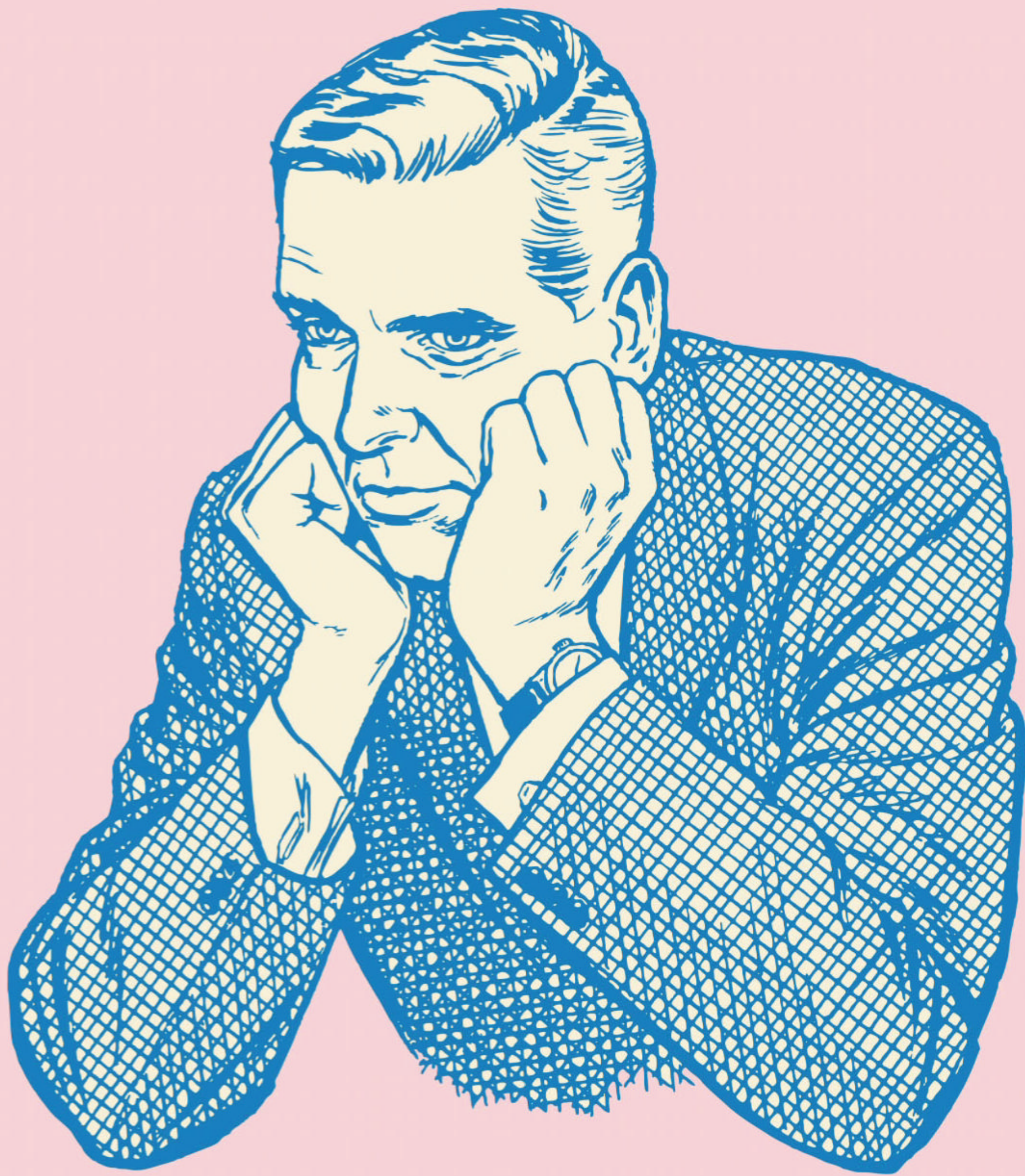
another person's time with them as pleasant as possible. But nowadays, and thanks to the small-but-noisy group of angry radical feminists of the 1990s and early 2000s, treating a girl to dinner has become a symbol of patriarchal oppression. Opening the door for a woman is "undermining her abilities". And as for complimenting a woman's appearance? Well, prepare for the sexual harassment lawsuit.

So, what's a decent, well-meaning, heart-on-his-sleeve kinda guy to do? Do you attempt to navigate the minefield of modern dating; shielding yourself from bullets and shrapnel while glancing desperately around for the seemingly elusive girl who doesn't buy into all that feminist crap? Or hole up in your man cave with video games and Twisties, giving up the game of romance altogether? Or, unthinkable, is the answer to capitulate to whatever histrionics the perpetually frustrated feminasties that prowl the halls of Twitter are engaging in this week?

told you were out there somewhere. Instead, they are man-hating desperados, who see the male species as a threat to the sovereignty of womanhood.

These women will either ignore you, or agree to go on a date but end up boring you stupid with reason after reason why you should check your supposed privilege. That, or they will date you, treat you like crap, and then blame you and the rest of the patriarchy for turning them into the freaky bundle of insecurity and hatefulness the feminist movement keeps churning out.

Look, I know the world of dating and love seems fraught with feminist peril. However, decent, well-adjusted girls are out there, and they are attracted to decent, well-adjusted guys. So keep the faith, and remember this; you'll probably find your lovely spring lady walking her puppy through a park in the suburbs. Not sipping an almond-milk latte in a vegan hipster inner-city coffee shop that offers a discount for women to mirror the mythical gender pay gap. Catch my drift? 🐾



BEAR DOWN AND RELEASE THE PLUG

WHAT THE BEARS CAN TEACH US ABOUT GETTING PAST THE WINTER SLUMP.
BY CHRIS MILLER

HERE we go! New Year! Bring it on! The sun is shining, the birds are chirping, the bunnies are rooting and the bears are growling. Growling you say? Bloody oath they are – ya wanna know why? Get prepared gang, 'cos what I have to tell you is some heavy shit. Literally, well – and figuratively – although the *Oxford Dictionary* has now amalgamated figuratively and literally to mean the same damned thing. All because a bunch of illiterate millennials can't help exclaiming, "Oh my god that, like, literally blew my head off!" No, it didn't you technologically adept yet socially retarded kumquat! It figuratively "blew your head off", but because of your constant misuse of this magic thing we call language, even the governing bodies of words have had to change definitions to suit this new norm, so you little, entitled troglodytes can go on existing without getting offended. What, sorry? I can't say retarded either? It's an apt use of the word in this context. Fine, cretinous it is.

Yet, I digress. Happy New Year everyone, back to my shitty story. Bears. OK. You ever heard of a *tappen*? Me neither –

figuratively – yes, yes – and literally block your barn door with one seriously gnarly organic shotput, and while you've been quietly Rip Van Winkling away, your colon has sucked every last drop of liquid out of that plug, like a forgotten chamois left in a bucket in the shed. Now it's spring, and like a super-sized, battle-ready, iron Polly Waffle – that thing's got to come out. Ever dropped a log after a huge night on the grog without a single glass of water? Forget it. You're on your own, pal.

You know what? I feel for the bears, but I also feel for us. Well, not the millennials – they're doomed. But for us: the real people tackling real lives set in reality. We go through winter, rugged up in our caves of undiagnosed depression, waking every morning to the snap-frozen world, wishing our dicks didn't look like old Smithies' thumb after the foam lathe incident, dragging our sorry arses to work, getting home in the dark, getting up in the dark – just all round bloody dark. But, you know what? It's a new year, and just like those bears, we gotta release the plug, and for some of us, we've got a build-up of plugs, year after year, like some sinister bowel of resentment, bowling ball return

YOU KNOW WHAT? I FEEL FOR THE BEARS, BUT I ALSO FEEL FOR US. WELL, NOT THE MILLENNIALS – THEY'RE DOOMED. BUT FOR US: THE REAL PEOPLE TACKLING REAL LIVES SET IN REALITY.

until I started researching for this article. For you clever tradies out there thinking, "I'm all over this, that's a ball of tape!" Close gang, that's a "tapien", I'm talking about a "tappen" or faecal plug. Yes, you heard right, a faecal plug, or, "A large mass of faecal matter produced by bears during their winter hibernation". Makes sense, right? Imagine you're a bear, you've been in your den deep in the woods, and the last meal you had was six months ago. Your heartbeat has dropped to eight beats per minute, and you take a breath every 45 seconds, but you still remain alert to any threats, able to eviscerate them with one swift paw swipe. True hibernators, them bears. Well actually, there's a particular lizard that can drop its body core temperature to below freezing for over six months, a freaking cryogenic reptile, now that's a dead set true hibernator.

But, moving on. You haven't dropped a nug in six months. That is one seriously loaded tank. Just after your last pre-hibernation mud cobra you ate as much hair, bark and pine-cones to

shoot. Bear down – both literally and figuratively – hard! Sure, we've had it tough, it's been another rough one, but we can handle this shit – literally. We're a strong mob, you and I, not like the millennials. They'll just get Mummy and Daddy to up their dosage on the last night of winter and miraculously the next morning, the plug fairy has whisked away their little marble of "wah, wah" and off they go. Gives you the shits, doesn't it? While we gotta bite down on an old towel, spit lube a crowbar and dig ours out, like Dad used to dig for the spur in his ingrown toenail during dinner.

The point is gang, just bite the bullet and do it. De-plug. Do what needs to be done, face the music and dig deep. The new year is here, the next one will be right around the corner, and as you pick up the staple gun to butterfly clip your arsehole back together, like Patrick Swayze's gut wound in *Road House*, cold beer in hand, you can chalk it up to experience, another year over; live to fight another day. Shit happens. 🍷





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DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

IS THIS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER?
BY TOBIAS HANDKE

EVER since it opened in February of 1995, Denver International Airport has been shrouded in mystery. Built across 15,000 hectares and twice the size of Manhattan, the airport was 16 months behind schedule and US\$2 billion over budget when finally completed, with no official reason given for the delay. Since then, it's been the subject of numerous conspiracy theories involving everything from the Illuminati to the New World Order, with people still unsure of its true purpose.

From the get-go, people were suspicious about the airport's creation, considering the Denver Stapleton Airport – located just down the road – had been serving all major airlines in and out of Denver for decades without issue. Within weeks of opening, people noticed something peculiar about the airport's layout. Unlike most modern airports, the runways at DIA are arranged in a shape that resembles a swastika. While officials claimed this is because the formation allows planes to simultaneously takeoff and land consistently, people began speculating the airport was built or funded by a Nazi sympathising cult made up of the world's elite who are using their power and wealth to bring about a global totalitarian government, otherwise known as the New World Order. From here things just keep on getting weirder.

Around the airport are a number of dedication markers and plaques inscribed with the words, "The New World Airport Commission," with conspiracy theorists speculating this is a nod to the New World Order – particularly as no such commission exists. Many of these plaques also depict the Masonic square and compass symbol; with others suggesting Denver Airport is the Illuminati or Freemason headquarters of America. Both are secretive groups who want to bring about a New World Order via nefarious methods. Another interesting fact is the airport's dedication date, March 19, 1994. Add those numbers together (1+9+1+9+9+4) and you get 33. Considered a perfect number, 33 is also the



highest level one can achieve in Freemasonry, and one of the symbols of the Ku Klux Klan, adding to the intrigue of the airport.

Inside DIA things get even more mysterious. Artist Leo Tanguma created a number of controversial murals depicting death and destruction many interpret as foretelling the coming apocalypse and the rise of the New World Order. There's also a statue of Anubis, the ancient Egyptian god of Death, and two weird looking gargoyles in the terminal that create a feeling of dread. On arrival, a horrifying 32-foot horse named Blue Mustang greets passengers. Standing on its hind legs with glowing red eyes, the imposing statue is said to represent the Fourth Horseman of the Apocalypse, Death, and is another reference to the end of the world, a common theme throughout the airport.

The craziest theory surrounding DIA is that it was built to conceal a massive underground bunker. Conspiracy nuts believe the extra US\$2 billion spent on the airport went towards five multi-level subterranean buildings where the Illuminati and Freemasons are plotting the world's demise, or that it houses lizard people from outer space who are trying to take over the world. Former workers have come forward and claimed to have been involved with its construction, while others have leaked information about a network of tunnels running underneath the airport leading all the way to Washington. While it's never been confirmed, the airport does have the capacity to handle a large number of people and vehicles, so it's not totally unbelievable DIA could be used as some kind of bunker to house the world's elite, or a secret army ready to strike when the apocalypse begins.

While there's no concrete evidence supporting any of these accusations, Denver International Airport continues to be a haven for conspiracy theorists. A time capsule buried beneath the airport is set to be unearthed in 2094, so maybe then we'll finally know the true origins of the airport's existence, unless the New World Order has already risen to power... **1**



PERSONAL DATA IS AN UNTAPPED GOLD MINE

HOW SHOULD WE REGULATE AND CONTROL THE USE OF OUR PERSONAL DATA BY BIG CORPORATIONS? **BY BETH HOLLINGDALE**

If data really is the new oil of the modern-day economy, and data miners have taken the place of coal miners, then you are the digital equivalent of the prehistoric vegetation that ended up being compressed into those rich coal seams below the Earth's surface. As you go about your daily life in the electronic age, you lay down new strata of personal data every time you use a mobile device, browse the internet or send a text message. Whether you know it or not, simply by living in the digital age and using connected devices, you are creating a valuable commodity – your personal data. You may not recognise its value, but plenty of firms do.

In mid-March last year, it came to light that Cambridge Analytica, the UK-based analytics firm, appropriated the Facebook data of more than 50 million citizens and mined this data for insights into their preferences and political leanings. Using sophisticated predictive algorithms, they created psychological profiles for these individuals and then used those profiles to target them with personalised political

However, it's not the data itself that is valuable, it's the insights that can be derived from these data that are sought after by companies. These insights are made available in part by the increasing accessibility of powerful cloud computing platforms that crunch large volumes of data and also by the highly sophisticated predictive algorithms that produce the insights.

The existence of millions of highly valuable digital personae raises the question of ownership. It turns out that if you read the end user license agreements of most major social network platforms, you will find that you own it, but that you grant the platform the rights to use the data in almost any way they choose (subject to the privacy laws of the relevant country of course).

For example, here's a quote from Facebook's Statement of Rights and Responsibilities (as of January 2018):

You own all of the content and information you post on Facebook, and you can control how it is shared through your

AUSTRALIA'S PRIVACY COMMISSIONER HAS NOW COMMENCED AN INVESTIGATION INTO FACEBOOK

advertising during elections and referenda in a number of countries. Following this, Australia's Privacy Commissioner has now commenced an investigation into Facebook for possible breaches of the country's privacy laws.

This scandal shone a light on an industry that thrives on operating in the dark. The secondary market in personal information has been operating under the radar of public awareness for many years. This market is fed by a number of factors.

First, the widespread adoption of wearables and mobile devices has facilitated the generation of detailed data on multiple aspects of our lives: our location, likes, preferences, buying habits, internet searches and browsing behaviour, our social and business networks and even our thoughts and opinions. All of this data is captured online and, collectively, it forms a digital persona or digital alter ego of the individual who generated the data. As the Cambridge Analytica story demonstrates, these digital personae are extremely valuable to companies.

privacy and application settings . . . You give us permission to use your name, profile picture, content, and information in connection with commercial, sponsored, or related content (such as a brand you like) served or enhanced by us. . . By "information" we mean facts and other information about you, including actions taken by users and non-users who interact with Facebook.

There is a growing recognition that there is something fundamentally wrong with this model. Individuals are becoming increasingly aware that simply by using connected devices they are creating a valuable commodity, but, as the primary producer of that commodity, they are not being fairly compensated for the use of it. Currently, users receive free services such as social networking and webmail in exchange for access to their digital personae, but it is becoming clear that they deserve a larger slice of the pie. With the market capitalisation of the major social networking platforms in the billions, individuals are starting to demand more than ad-laden free services.



A number of grassroots not-for-profits have recently emerged, dedicated to raising awareness of the use and abuse of personal information. The HAT Project (HAT standing for "Hub of All Things") based at Warwick University, is committed to enabling individuals to collect, control and combine personal information in a privacy-preserving manner. Tim Berners-Lee, one of the founders of the internet, is behind Solid, a project that aims to create true data ownership, as well as improve privacy.

Government is also recognising that it has a part to play in regulating the use of personal information. In May this year, the General Data Protection Regulations (GDPR) came into effect in Europe. Under GDPR companies deemed to be data controllers will be obliged to provide timely responses to requests for personal data deletion and also to be more transparent about how personal data is shared between third parties. Here in Australia, disclosure of data breaches has recently been made mandatory and the influence of digital platforms in Australia is currently being investigated by the Productivity Commission. In a previous report,

THIS SCANDAL SHONE THE LIGHT ON AN INDUSTRY THAT THRIVES ON OPERATING IN THE DARK.

the Commission recommended amendments to the Commonwealth privacy legislation as well as the creation of new legislation – a new *Data Sharing and Release Act*.

However, there is a school of thought that contends that government regulation can only go so far to protect access to citizen's personal information. An alternative to government regulation is a market in which individuals can trade not their personal information per se, but the insights derived from that data. Known as a primary personal information market (PPIM), this system would allow individuals to manage access to their entire digital personae and be compensated for granting access to aspects of it to certain companies. No such system currently exists but as people increasingly become aware of the value of their personal information the demand for such a market is likely to grow.

So rather than being a dinosaur and giving away your personal data willy-nilly, it's time to start demanding more tangible benefits in return for it, more control over it, and more transparency about the ways in which it is being used. ❶

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SAJE'S been modelling for only three years, but we think she's a total natural. When she's not in front of the camera, the gym is the most likely place you'll find her. That's not to say she doesn't know how to be bad sometimes. "I'm all about moderation and enjoying myself," she tells us. She's a pizza connoisseur and loves festivals and concerts. "There's nothing better than being in a huge crowd, feeling the music and letting it move you." Rock on, Saje.



























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MEIN WEEK WITH MEIN KAMPF

AN ARDUOUS WEEK-AND-A-BIT READING THE WORDS OF HISTORY'S
MOST NOTORIOUS ARSEHOLE. **BY JOE CUTCLIFFE**

In a world where shouting “Hitler” and “Nazi” at anything one finds disagreeable on social media has become commonplace in public discourse, I thought it might be time to dust off a classic and get into the mind of somebody who would know how a Nazi really thinks. Somebody who knew the real Hitler better than anyone. I bought a copy of *Mein Kampf* online, almost certainly joining some ASIO watch list in the process, and decided to give Adolf Hitler a week and a half's worth of train trips to sell me his pitch. Other than a few sideways glances from fellow commuters, here's how it went.

Hitler hated the Jews. I realise that this four-word summary is somewhat reductive and unsubtle, but if one were to summarise *Mein Kampf*, Adolf Hitler's personal manifesto of political science, history, and (surprise, surprise) anti-Semitism, down to a mere four words, that would be it.

And I don't mean that he hated Jews in the way that is already common knowledge. I mean it in the sense that to understand his psychopathic hatred of “the Jew” (as he persistently refers to

very well structured), *Mein Kampf* provides a very obvious insight into the mind of somebody who changed the course of history, not just for his beloved Germany, but for the world. It rambles (it was penned by a scribe, as Hitler dictated – something at which he would later become quite the dabster), repeats itself and loses focus at many turns. While his talent in structuring a sentence is evident, you can tell which parts he was shouting, and which parts were uttered while wistfully staring across the Lech, through the bars of his cell at Landsburg.

To study history means to search for and discover the forces that are the causes of those results which appear before our eyes as historical events. The art of reading and studying consists in remembering the essentials and forgetting what is not essential, and not being a xenophobic murderous cunt.

That last paragraph isn't my own words, I lifted it right from the first chapter of *Mein Kampf*. Okay, I added that last bit for levity, but despite the fact that it is very clearly the ramblings of a madman, any keen observer can see in *Mein Kampf* how

ELIZABETH SURE AS SHIT DOESN'T MARRY MR DARCY AT THE END OF THIS EXHAUSTING TOME, AND MOST PEOPLE WOULD PROBABLY POSIT THAT THEY PREFERRED THE MOVIE.

them), and just how his leadership, and ultimately, WWII, came to pass, it's necessary to force one's way through the painful two volumes and tediously verbose 900 pages of *Mein Kampf*.

One immediate problem with picking up this powerful volume in 2018, is the universally acknowledged truth that any book is already a bummer when one already knows the ending. We all know that Elizabeth sure as shit doesn't marry Mr Darcy at the end of this exhausting tome, and most people would probably posit that they preferred the movie.

Or, at least, one of them.

When I read in 2016 that *Mein Kampf* was officially out of copyright, which up until then had been held by the Bavarian government who had banned its publication since 1945, I was excited. Though there were many reasons offered for suppressing the text, largely surrounding the fear that a republication would stir up neo-Nazi sentiments, I couldn't understand how European students were able to properly study their own history without it. And this had already been happening for 70 years!

Though the content is largely detestable (and in many cases, not

grounded many of Adolf Hitler's theories and observations were in reality. If you removed every reference of “the Jew”, you'd have a much more coherent (and vastly slimmer) set of words about political history, theory, science and economic policy.

And as far as necessity is concerned, I don't think that anybody of sound mind could argue that a window into the deranged mind of this universally despised demagogue is not essential in terms of understanding history and, most importantly, not repeating it.

His persistent use of the word *Weltanschauung* is annoying, although necessary, as the German language is renowned for its words that have no English synonym (*schadenfreude*, *zeitgeist*...). *Weltanschauung* means “outlook on the world” on the people as a collective body. The same goes for *Volkisch*, which is a fancy way of saying “racist”, and is used time and time again. Funny that.

Many of Hitler's other words throughout the book have come full circle in terms of relevance, in a way that makes the narrator look thoroughly self-unaware (or, they would, had he not eaten a cyanide capsule before blowing his brains out. You know. Just in



Adolf Hitler

Hitler / Mein Kampf 2. Band

Mein Kampf

2. Band



ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED SPURIOUS IS THE ARGUMENT THAT "ONE MAN" COULD NOT JUST BE SO EVIL, BUT EXERCISE SO MUCH OF THAT EVIL.

case. And on his wedding day, too). On the point of educating oneself via obsessive reading, he notes that, "...The truth in that every increase in such 'knowledge' draws (the reader) more and more away from real life, until he finally ends up in some sanatorium or takes to politics and becomes some parliamentary deputy."

There's also his incredibly accurate rebuke of the public, who he scathingly says is, "...mostly stupid and has a very short memory, (and) is not capable of recognising the real instigator of the quarrel in the midst of the turmoil that has been raised. Frequently it does not remember the beginning of the fight and so the rogue gets by with his stunt."

Get by with his stunt he did indeed, at least for several years too long. Thwarted though his efforts inevitably were by the allied forces in January 1945, the damage caused by the Third Reich during Adolf Hitler's reign is incommensurable, and many historians will attribute *Mein Kampf* as the seed which sprouted the first shoots of mainstream anti-semitism; anti-semitism as, in fact, the *Weltanschauung* of the German people.

One thing I've always considered spurious is the argument that "one man" could not just *be* so evil, but *exercise* so much of that evil. A rogue high school shooter will cause some damage before he's done. So might a lone-wolf terrorist with a bomb on the train. But nearly six million dead, and that's just talking about the Jews? The Great Dictator needed to rally people to his thinking. Whenever anybody posits the notion that the general public "had no idea what was really happening in those camps" (a thin argument I have heard too many times), I am now more

than happy to confidently call bullshit.

Bullshit in the highest order. Adolf's own dour outlook on the world, printed into the too-many pages of *Mein Kampf*, makes no ambiguity or apology concerning his feelings toward "the Jew", and remember, reader: this was a bestseller. To suggest that not just the Germans at the time, but the rest of Europe, where it was heavily distributed up until 1945, wasn't even a little suspect of his intentions, is absolute garbage.

I came to this text for an obvious reason: to learn from history you must learn about history, even if it means engaging with people or ideas with whom or which you might disagree. This was, after all, Hitler's own approach, too, "... (I) decided to consult the sources from which my interlocutors claimed to have drawn their so-called wisdom. I devoured book after book, pamphlet after pamphlet."

And it worked. Being well-informed put him at an advantage.

"One learns history in order to be able to apply it to lessons to the present time and whoever fails to do this cannot pretend to be a political leader. In reality he is quite a superficial person or, as is mostly the case, a conceited simpleton whose good intentions cannot make up for his incompetence in practical affairs," he rightly offers.

The current voices shouting "Hitler" and "Nazi" at everything they don't like are no more than superficial, conceited simpletons, whose good intentions will not, in due course, make up for their incompetence in practical affairs.

Of this, you can be certain, And I should know, I've read the fucking thing.❶



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MUSIC FESTIVALS ARE FUCKING AWFUL

WHY ARE WE STILL PRETENDING THAT FORKING OUT \$400 TO HANG OUT IN A DUSTY FIELD AND SHIT IN LOW-RENT PORT-A-LOOS IS ANYONE'S IDEA OF A GOOD TIME? **BY TYSON WRAY**

IT'S hot – and you know what that means? It means that your social media feeds are being flooded with an avalanche of 'enlightened' statuses from call centre workers who took drugs in a dusty field over the weekend.

"You tried DMT for the first time and finally *got* psytrance Marla? Cool. Please log off, your grandma needs to use the phone."

Yes, festival season is now upon us. Music festivals are a time for people to come together: to drink \$15 mid-strength beers, to listen to bands and DJs in the worst acoustic settings possible, and to pretend that they're enjoying themselves infinitely because they can't believe they paid \$400 for this shit.

If you enjoy these clusterfucks of a human gathering and are over the age of 21, I think it's fair to assume you are a sociopath.

Now, I know what you're thinking:

"Oi nah mate fuck off, I had a friggin' blast back at Falls last year. The White Hearts were lit, this new English band with banjos blew my mind, met the best crew and I even got laid with some girl from Newie!"

Hear me out. Let me explain to you why I'm right; and why you're

to no fanfare, 99 percent of the time they'll be back in Yorkshire pulling pints for the minimum wage again. Remember when fucking Razorlight were the darlings of the festival scene? Spare me. The music industry is vapid and all interest and money bottoms out quicker than a liquidated festival will refuse to pay their artists.

3. The people. If you're ever looking to an upside to the fact the world is currently on the brink of nuclear war, go and check out a photo gallery from Burning Man. The culturally embedded images from Woodstock featuring open-air orgies, naked women hitch-hiking and communal bong circles have manifested in a truly horrible (and sometimes literal) fashion. Topless steroid alpha-bros pea-cocking about trying to get their dick wet amongst a gaggle of uninterested bindi-wearing faux-hippie girls. You know the kind. The ones who are less worried about the fact that their Indian headdress is cultural appropriation than they are that their manager from Cotton On might fire them if they accidentally upload an Instagram photo that features a nanganator.

4. Festival hook-ups. I mean, I get it. I understand the appeal. You're out of your mind in the woods and caught up in some kind

THE ONLY FEASIBLE WAY TO GET THROUGH AN ENTIRE FESTIVAL WITHOUT COMMITTING SEPPUKU IS BASICALLY TO KEITH RICHARDS IT.

an idiot with terrible taste in practically everything.

1. The drugs. The only feasible way to get through an entire festival without committing *seppuku* is basically to Keith Richards it. Line up enough heavily-cut coke until you're unable to contemplate your surroundings, converse with the troglodytes around you or able to feel your dick. However, let's be honest, due to the pricing and quality of narcotics in Australia compared to Europe, to do this you're going to be dropping at least another \$1k (and y'know, you might also die due to our government's idiotic iron-stance against testing).

2. The music. You know that band? Yeah, that band. That band you really like. They've just hit the scene. Their debut album is fire. They're headlining the Saturday night. It's going to be wild. Yeah, that band fucking sucks – and in two years you're not only going to not care about them, you'll be embarrassed you were ever associated with them. I'm going to assume they're from Suffolk or some bullshit English town. Oh, and you know the lead singer that was the crowd's messiah on Saturday night? Give it a year and after the hype drops and a tepid sophomore album is released

of euphoria – naturally, getting off would seem like the ultimate pairing. It sounds great, but that's never the case. Festival sex, at best, is an ungodly cesspit devoid of hygiene, finesse and dignity. Plus, let's be honest, you'll probably end up suffering from pill dick. Oh, and y'know, this year it was diagnosed that 1 in 30 attendees at Splendour in the Grass had chlamydia.

You haven't had any of these experiences? Trust me – you have. The human brain has the ability to masquerade this kind of suffering with rose-tinted memories of cheery nostalgia. It's basically like when you sleep with an ex and forget how god-awful your relationship was and think about giving it another crack.

But hey, who am I to tell you how to live your life? You want to shell out a few thousand to spend a weekend in third-world conditions? You want to listen to bands that'll be in the JB Hi-Fi bargain bin in three months? You want to play sexual-Russian roulette and possibly catch the clap? You want to spend the following week coming down at work wondering why you're almost 30 and your career hasn't progressed any further than being a sandwich artist?

Be my guest. I'm sure it'll be worth it for the #memories. **1**





REJECT

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS
RECEIVED FROM PENTHOUSE FORUM.

Dear Penthouse,

I moved to Los Angeles when I was 24 to pursue my career as a photographer. I'd only encountered a few gay people prior, but now I was surrounded by them... and they were fabulous. Their clothes matched, they smelled amazing, they had the best drugs and everyone loved them.

Mostly because my gay friends swear by it, I wanted to try anal sex. Not giving. Receiving. And while I never had a hankering for some dude to push his bony pickle into my asshole, I became fixated on "pegging", although I never had the opportunity to try it... until I met Rebecca.

Rebecca and I went on a few dates, and she claimed she was open to just about anything sexually. I really liked this chick and I wanted to impress her with my level of openness. I also wanted the experience to be perfect.

On the day I decided it was time to do the deed, I called my Fairy Godmother — aka my flamboyant neighbour Ricardo — for advice. First and foremost, he told me to make sure I was "running clear".

Running clear?

"Girl, you don't know what running clear means?"

"No, Ricardo. I'm straight."

"It means you've cleaned yourself out 'back there'. Go get an enema kit."

Sounded easy enough. So I picked up an enema kit from my drugstore and went home to get clear.

I opened the box and read the instructions — *start the process lying down on my back?* My bathroom was too small, so I opted to lie on my bed. Insert the business end of the nozzle and squeeze. I immediately felt disgusting... and I needed to shit badly. But the slightest movement made it near impossible to hold back what was violently trying to find its way out.

By some miracle, I managed to keep everything inside as I bolted across the hall and into the shower. After 10 minutes of what can only be described as a total horror show, I was "clear." An absolutely miserable experience, but I was glowing — feeling romantic as fuck, like I was willing to endure anything for this girl.

I meticulously prepared for our date: I put on a sweater with a collared shirt, laced up my new Chuck Taylors and sprayed myself down with some Tom Ford. I was ready for anything.

The date was awesome. We were having the best time when suddenly my stomach dropped. I cut her off mid-sentence.

"I'll be right back!" I barked as I scurried off to the bathroom where I basically recreated Harry's famous bathroom scene from *Dumb and Dumber*. I'm sweaty, I'm cramping, and I think I'm dying. I text Fairy Godmother frantically: Help!

Did you use the liquid in the bottle or tap water? he asked.

Bottle.

LOL, no honey....

Godmama explained the liquid in the bottle is used only when you're constipated, not for getting clear.

Oh. Fuck.

Thankfully, the floodgates closed. I walked back to the table — clammy, pasty and clearly not feeling well. "Sorry. Please continue..." I whimpered as she tentatively began her story again. Five minutes later, I felt round two. I didn't even excuse myself. I just ran. When I came back, she had paid the bill and called an Uber.

On the ride back to my place, I explained the backstory. Thankfully, she found it funny. I spent the rest of that night on the toilet, which gave me a tonne of time to reflect on how far I'd come since my small-town days... but how much further I still had to go.

—Sam M., Los Angeles, California



FLASHBACK

PAULA JONES ISSUE
April 1998



This could
be the start
of a beautiful
Christmas.

We've taken the essence of the season
and distilled it into one Christmas spirit
that's perfect for gifting, sipping, or
leaving out for Santa.

